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No. 47.

arise in Kennebec county, I give my financial theory for his benefit.

farmers, yet you may print the "legal tender," and pile the "free coinage" in the treasury of the nation until they burst the walls with the accumulated uselessness, yet it will not flow to your pockets unless you produce something

buy it with—something to exchange for it. More business in your farming is what is wanted. The larger income desired must be reached through an increased production. If the income is small on one ton of product, raise two and double it. Too many of us—yes, of

in New England, are simply drifting. An awakening to the possibilities round about you, and easily within the reach of the active and the enterprising, is wanted. Put brains into the work, the management, and exercise the same power in searching out ways, means and methods of getting the most possible out of what is round about. Stop drifting, and go to battling for that which is wanted. If you choose to live easy, to do less and have little, you can do it—and you will agree with me that many are doing it.

not in so doing if you do not succeed in becoming wealthy, don't charge it up against the business of farming.

A good illustration of the application of brains to the business—trifling, it is true, but a good pointer, nevertheless, in the case of a farmer near one of our cities who made a specialty of Lima beans. For many years he had the earliest beans of the locality, and of course got the advantage of the cream of the market. Last spring, at the time of the late frost, his beans were three or four inches high, and of course were killed to the ground, while his neighbors' were not yet up. "Ah," said they, "we have him now; he will have to wait over, and we shall be ahead."

Looking over to their neighbor's plot a day or two later, what was their surprise to see a fine stand of beans nicely growing under their neighbor's poles.

There was no magic about it. The man, anticipating the possibilities of a frost in his tender crop, had duplicated his planting on the same ground a few days later than the first, and this second planting was ready to break the ground when the others were killed. He was

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planting was not wanted, he could easily hoe them up. This is an apt

intelligence, thinking, or whatever name you please to give it, applied to the business will secure. Farmers should study to get out of their farming the possibilities it offers.

First of all, every phase of business sense demands that farmers—Maine farmers I mean, Kennebec farmers if you please, should extend their operations. Why so much trying to narrow down your business? This course is all wrong. If you mean anything by your farming, if you want to accomplish something, if you want your sons and daughters to see there is something worth living for in the business, begin this autumn and strike out for what is within your reach. Broaden your corn fields, extend your acres in grain, plough up those "old fields," now a menace to all good farming, and load them with burdens of corn and clover. Multiply the herds and the flocks to be fed on this bounty that nature is so ready to bestow whenever you turn your part toward securing it. We have had too much of this trotting around a peck measure, and mismanaging farming. If you want more income, more circulating medium, you must first pro-

know no more to exchange for it. Business shows no other channels through which commodities can be received. But, "I can't make it pay," we hear. Then, sir, the trouble is with your methods, and not with the business. But you can grow corn at a profit. You have only to figure out the cost of one acre or two grown the present year, prove it. Potatoes are grown at a profit. You are making butter and cheese at a profit; hay costs you less than it sells for; eggs pay, and poultry multiplies your money. The sum of all these is your farming exactly, yet you say there are no possibilities in the business. What's the matter? Solely, you do not do enough of it. Business also demands that the farmer get out of the operations he is carrying the largest profit practicable. This means not only his right to his industry but his own part in the business. To do this, see a newspaper only as a means of

res, or in mercantile affairs. Farmers must study to produce at the lowest possible cost. Here is a great chance for the mental powers to aid and to relieve the manual. Mrs. E. M. Jones, a noted Indian breeder and speculator in Jersey stock, and author of a manual entitled "How to Make the Dairy Profitable," says we must increase our products and increase our profits, too; and one great way, she says, to do this is to lessen the cost of production. It requires mental application to do this, mental attention to every detail. Here, again, is where we must have the mental powers. It is not many farmers fall. They prefer ease to mental application. Now, ease is too

[CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.]

Choice Miscellany.

A TITLED POACHER.

The Lascivious Predicament of a Guest of Napoleon III.

Among the curious incidents of the court of Napoleon III. recently brought to light, there is an amusing one connected with the visit of an Italian general, Prince Caprioli, to the imperial residence at Fontainebleau. It was in summer, and the weather was extremely hot. The apartment occupied by the Italian general was directly above the cabinet, or working-room, of the emperor; and beneath the windows of both rooms lay a pond, the waters washing the walls of the palace.

The general had been taking a bath in a great tub brought in by servants. After his bath he leaned out of the window, gazing at the pond below. There, in the transparent waters, he noticed a great number of fine carp swimming about, and gathering beneath the window as if expecting to be fed.

Prompted by an idle impulse, the general took a large pin, bent it into a hook, and attached to it a long, stout string, that he had in his personal belongings. Then he baited the hook with a bit of bread left from his breakfast, which had been brought to his room, and dropped it into the water. An immense carp seized it; and the general, with a fisherman's impulse, jerked the line so adroitly that he hooked the fish.

He drew it up to his window, and thoughtless of what might result, landed it into the room. Instantly the carp began to flounder heavily about the floor. The general, realizing the situation, bounded after it. The fish was active and slippery, and the general upset a chair in his efforts to catch it.

The emperor, at work at his desk in the room below, heard the tumult over his head, and wondered; but kept on with his work.

Meantime the general, getting the fish against the bathtub, had a happy thought. He would put the fish in the tub. He got his arms under it, lifted and pushed, and the carp splashed into the tub.

For an instant it seemed quieted by being back in its warm element. But the water was warm and soapy. In another instant the creature was in agony, and began to splash and dounder about madly. The water overflowed the tub and covered the floor. The general struggled to get the fish, but could not seize or hold it. He merely succeeded in spilling a great deal more water.

The emperor, glancing up at the ceiling as the noise went on, saw a wet spot, and presently drops of water began to fall on his table. He called the chamberlain.

"Who is in the room above?" he asked.

"It is the room occupied by the general, Prince Caprioli."

"Please go up and see what is the matter with him. He must be in some trouble."

The general had just succeeded in seizing the fish when there came a rap at his door. He turned pale. He fancied that the emperor himself was coming after him.

"In a moment in a moment!" he gasped.

Then, seeing his bed open, he had another thought. He would cover the big fish in the bed and covered it with the clothes. Then he rushed and opened the door.

"The emperor wishes to know what is the matter," said the chamberlain; "are you in any trouble?"

"Oh, no trouble at all. In taking a bath I accidentally spilled some water, and—"

Just then the chamberlain, glancing into the room, saw the bed covers violently agitated, and in utter astonishment the next moment he saw a gigantic carp flounder out of the bed. This time the general rushed upon the fish to some purpose, seized it, and hurled it out of the window into the pond.

The general did not dare to appear at breakfast that day. Noting his absence, the emperor—to whom his chamberlain had gravely made his report of the circumstances—gave this order to a servant:

"You will take Prince Caprioli's breakfast up to his room; and you will take him, as a part of it, a broiled carp. I believe the general is fond of carp!"

—Youth's Companion.

THE KNOWING WUZ WILLIN'.

What She Knew About Jim Blankenship and His Attractions.

"Jim Blankenship was the beau-galant of the Pine mountains," said a man who had seen a good deal of mountain life and lumbering, to a reporter of the Star.

"A moonshiner by profession, a shot-byer by instinct and a saw-mill hand by adoption, he combined in his make-up all those qualifications which commanded him to the romantic ideas of mountain womanhood."

"I had been paying Jim a dollar a day and found for the past six months as a helper about the mill, and on the day of which this chronicle narrates, I was to look over a lot of logs he had been collecting."

"As I rode along, wondering why in thunder anybody stayed in that rough country who wasn't compelled to, I overtook a woman on horseback. She was rather better looking than the average, and what was somewhat unusual, she was quite 'sprightly,' and when I saluted her she responded in a tone which suggested that I might continue my conversation without meeting with her disapproval."

"The Lord knows the mountains are lonely enough, even with companionship, and when I found someone to talk to I didn't look my gift horse in the mouth, but accepted with pleasure anything that the gods gave."

"Of course I didn't know who she was, but that out no, and I immediately proceeded to let myself out."

"She was about thirty-five years of age and as sharp as a briar, and we found not the slightest difficulty in having plenty to talk about."

"'Ain't none,' she corroborated, with a degree of positiveness which indicated that, notwithstanding Jim wasn't quite thirty, he had been as polite to the older as to the younger women."

"'He's a great ladies' man, too,' I went on, innocently."

"'So I've heard, I ain't seed much of it myself, but I've heard folks talk.' 'I think Jim is rather smooth in such matters,' I ventured."

"'How?' she looked at me as if she expected something."

"'Oh, nothing bad, of course,' I hastened to explain. 'He is merely sensible enough not to boast of his popularity.'"

"'Oh,' she said, as if my explanation were extremely lucid and more or less satisfactory. 'Have you ever heard Jim say much about the women folks 'round here?' she went on."

"'A little only, and all that very complimentary, indeed.' 'Did you ever hear him say anything about the Widdler Lewis?'"

"'Never.' 'Well, I hear he kinder hankered for her more'n for 'other 'ns.' 'She must be a very fine woman if he does.'"

"'I reckon she is. Leastwise, I hear him say so.' 'I shan't think Jim would tell one woman what he thought of another, if he thought well of the other.'"

"'Well,' she hesitated, 'you see, I've known Jim a long while.' 'Yes, now, what do you suppose the Widdler thinks of Jim?'"

"'Her face clouded, as if there was a storm of jealousy in sight. 'She jist hankers after him powerful,' she replied, briefly."

"'You must know the Widdler Lewis as well as you do Jim,' I said."

"'I reckon I do, mister,' she answered, with a brightening face. 'I'm the Widdler Lewis.' — Washington Star.

PETE LEACH'S ODD CHECK.

It Was Written on an Old Paper Collar But Was Good at the Bank.

This was one of the many stories told us by Doc Reister, that composite character, philosopher, cowboy and hermit. Doc had been relating his experience of having held up Texas Jack, attending a Rocky mountain funeral in the dual capacity of undertaker and preacher, and his hunting mountain lion. When we asked him if he had ever been in Wyoming he told us the story of the famous check. Doc started by stating that he had been employed by an eastern agriculturalist as herder to a bunch of cattle, which were ranging along the Powder river in Wyoming. "There was warm days," said Doc. "Between the Indians and the drought we had a terror of a hostile. Every spring after the roundup I drove a bunch of cattle down to Cheyenne for shipping. I think it was in the spring of '88 I left with about two hundred head of cattle, and had crossed the north fork of the Sweetwater and had traveled over the Black Hills when I saw an outfit headed by old Pete Leach, one of the dirtiest and richest herd owners in that territory. He didn't know me, but I knew him the minute I clapped my eye on him. He'd been down to Cheyenne shipyard, and I know'd he'd made a pretty good deposit in the first national bank there. After we had grubbed together I noticed he had his eye on six of my ponies, but I never let on I'd caught on, 'n' when he mentioned, careless like, that they wasn't such a bad lot, I just praised 'em like they was dropped right down from the heavenly chariots—'n' I drove a pretentious bay gelding. When I told him I'd take one hundred and fifty dollars for 'em the old man kicked like a steer, but I never weakened."

"Well, when he offered me one hundred and twenty-five dollars, as a kind of compromise, I started to move over to our corral, and then the old skin called me back and said it was a go. Then come the stickin' point—we didn't carry greenbacks loose in our clothes no more'n we did ink—'n' we didn't have no money to cash in on a check, which I knowed was good as gold, I near had a fit. Well, he smoothed me down 'n' at last I told him to fork over his check. Of course he didn't have none 'n' he said he'd left his check book at Rockville, but that he'd give me something just as good. Well, sir, we had the toughest time you ever saw huntin' a pencil and a bit of paper. At last we did scratch up a pencil, but there wasn't no paper in the whole outfit, then cowboys no paper bein' of a literary turn of mind 'n' no mail carriers passin' that way. There wasn't much use o' writin' letters. Old Pete wasn't done up so easy—so, seein' a tenderfoot among his herders who was sporting a paper collar, he ordered him take it off immediat, 'n' said he'd go to town to have no blasted dunder among his men. When the feller was out of sight, he sat down 'n' writ his order on that collar, like this:

"Cashier of the First National Bank, Cheyenne: Pay to Doc Reister within the next six days one hundred and fifty dollars for ponies traded for near Laramie Park, Wyoming. Reister is a short skinny man, about six feet six, with a long hook nose."

"That was written on the paper side of the collar, 'n' I remember the old man tearing the cloth back off 'n' sayin': 'If that didn't go to write him at Rockville.' Three days after that we was in Cheyenne, 'n' I tell you I had a time tryin' to make that dude back of them bars in that there bank give me my one hundred and fifty dollars. They kep' me standin' up there 'bout half an hour, 'n' a lot of men come 'n' looked at me like I was some wild animal escaped from a show. At last, when I was gettin' red hot, they showed me into a back room where six or seven gents were sittin', 'n' they asked me to swear all kinds of oaths that I was myself. Then an old gent with white hair, lookin' for all the world like a Sunday-school superintendent, who 'peared to boss the whole shootin' match, stood up 'n' speecified 'bout my probably bein' the right party, 'n' then he kind o' winked at the cashier, 'n' remarked that my features were pretty good proof. Then he picked up that dirty paper collar with two fingers, like it was goin' to bite him—'n' it hadn't got any cleaner in my jeans—'n' he said:

"'We have warned Mr. Leach about makin' odd checks like this, and have told him we would not honor them. This one we will make an exception, but it must be the last.'"

"Then he nodded to the cashier, 'n' he plunked out the one hundred and fifty dollars."

"The next spring I went back to that there bank in Cheyenne, 'n' there was that dirty old greasy paper collar check with a piece white paper

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border 'n' a fine wooden frame around it, 'n' hangin' over the desk where they kep' the pens and ink, 'n' long with the real desk checks."

"That payin' teller knowed me, 'n' he nodded up toward that there 'framed' 'n' said somethin' 'bout it havin' been honored 'n' 'bout the man what had writ it havin' two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to back it right in their safe."

"'Is 'pose that laundried dude thought he was tellin' me somethin' I didn't know, but I had drove cattle myself for old Pete Leach five years before, 'n' I think I ought a know'd what his check was good for. It was writ on an old paper collar.' — Philadelphia Times.

SPORT OF AN ACTOR.

He Was So Good a Mimic That He Could Fool the Small Boy.

Charles Mathews, the celebrated comedian, was probably one of the best mimics the world ever produced. Born June 18, 1776, after a successful career he died on the same date, 1835, fifty-nine years later.

One of his favorite amusements was that of mimicking children. One day in Suffolk, England, he walked up to a group of boys all about eight years of age, who were playing marbles, and adopting their actions and tone of voice he asked permission to join in the game. They were, of course, rather startled at this big lad, and stared at him in silence. However, everything he did was so like themselves that a little fellow in the party cried out: "I say fellows, what's the harm; let him play," and then turning to Mathews asked him: "Have you any marbles?"

"No," said Mathews, "but I've got a penny." "Well, then, you can buy some of ours," which he did, and then knuckled down and proceeded to play.

The boys by this time had ceased to regard him as a stranger, and one of the rowdies, never entering the slightest suspicion that he was anything but a fellow who had among them.

In a short time he squabbled with the boys, and the talk was something like the following: "You, Bill Atkins, I say you've no right to that."

"I have," said Bill. "I say you haven't!" "I say I have!" "Ah! you cheat! I won't play with you no more."

This shortly led to a quarrel, and, taking off his coat, Mathews offered to fight any of the boys. One of the little fellows immediately threw his hat and coat on the ground and, squaring up to the big fellow, urged him to come on. Mathews got out of the row by giving his adversary the marbles he had won, thus restoring good humor, and he left the scene delighted with the amusement he had received from it, although retaining his mimicry to the end by calling out as he quitted them: "I must go to my ma." — Harper's Round Table.

QUEER LAZINESS.

William Was Always Tinkering to Make Things Easy.

Abijah Sleight lounged into Capt. Wheeler's little shop, and seated himself on a three-legged stool. "I declare to man," he said, languidly addressing the active owner of the shop, who was mending a net, "it's distressin' to see a feller that's as lazy as my wife's brother William!" "William!" echoed the sturdy little captain, in amazement. "Why, William is always tinkering somethin', so far as I can see. Ain't he?" "At last we did scratch up a pencil, but there wasn't no paper in the whole outfit, then cowboys no paper bein' of a literary turn of mind 'n' no mail carriers passin' that way. There wasn't much use o' writin' letters. Old Pete wasn't done up so easy—so, seein' a tenderfoot among his herders who was sporting a paper collar, he ordered him take it off immediat, 'n' said he'd go to town to have no blasted dunder among his men. When the feller was out of sight, he sat down 'n' writ his order on that collar, like this:

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"'An' the same way with the pump. Ruther 'n' step across to Mis' Wilson's 'n' fill his pitcher of a mornin', that man tinkered on our pump till he got her to goin' again. Took him the greater part o' two days to git her fixed, but he don't begrudge time, 'n' a feller 'n' he can save himself takin' a few steps."

"'An' the same way with the chickens; he's built a coop, ruther 'n' have my wife git a little exercise now 'n' then. Ain't he a little critter off 'n' the strawberry bed?"

"'I dunno what we're comin' to,' concluded Mr. Sleight, as he opened the morning paper, from which it was his custom to spell out the news to the captain, much to the captain's distress; 'I'm sure I dunno what we're all comin' to! William ain't made no headway with us, as yet; but you git seen a lazy feller as that right in the house with ye, 'n' live with him day after day, 'n' I tell ye the fustin' principles is liable o' give way!' — Youth's Companion.

A Very Good Reason. Cuzmo—Are you going to the picnic? Cuzmo—Why not? Cuzmo—Why not? Cuzmo—I went to a picnic once.—Judge.

FRUITS OF JAPAN.

Nature's Luxuries Obtained from the Land of the Mikado.

The department of agriculture has recently acquired a collection of Japanese fruits—counterparts, that is to say, executed most artistically by the professor of horticulture in the University of Tokio. This gentleman, whose name is Kiso-Tamari, was educated in this country. The models serve to illustrate the extensive interchange of such vegetable products that has been going on during the last few years between the United States and the empire of the mikado. Many of the finest varieties now on our market have been obtained from there, while not a few American fruits are being cultivated largely in the land of the rising sun. For example, Japan has no apples that are good for anything; but apples from New England are being grown in such quantities on the island of Yezo—the northernmost of the Japanese group—as to have become an important commercial article.

The climates of Japan and the United States are much alike, and any plant native to one country seems to thrive in the other astonishingly. From our point of view, just now, that far Asiatic archipelago is the most prolific source of profitable new types of fruits, as well as of hardy ornamental plants. In 1853 two naturalists named Williams and Morrow, who accompanied Commodore Perry's expedition, secured and brought back with them many Japanese plants; while others were collected subsequently by Charles Wright, who made the trip with Commodore Rodgers in 1855. These collections were submitted for study to Prof. Asa Gray, the famous botanist. He was much struck with the similarity between the flora of Japan and that of the Allegheny region of North America. The theory on the subject which he then published is accepted to-day as the true one.

During the great glacial epoch the northern part of this continent was covered by a sheet of ice which extended as far to the south as Philadelphia and St. Louis. When this sheet was withdrawn the so-called glacial period supervened, during which the climate was much warmer than it is at present. The sea was five hundred feet above its present level, and the rivers were vastly larger than they are now. Elephants and rhinoceroses roamed over Canada and as far as the shores of the Arctic ocean, while mastodons, buffaloes, lions, elk and horses inhabited high latitudes. Alaska and northeast Asia were connected by land, and the Siberian elephant wandered from one continent to the other. At the same time the plant life of the two hemispheres became intermingled.

Meanwhile the temperate zone, slowly on the way, the waters receded and the temperature fell. The age during which Greenland had a semi-tropical flora, when, as has been said, an Eden might have been planted in Spitzbergen, vanished and the earth approached its present condition. The vegetation of all sorts was driven southward through Asia and Europe. The plants pushed down from the north on all sides of the globe, held on in similar climates; hence the correspondence between those of Japan to-day and their congeners in this part of the world.

From Japan we have obtained our finest varieties of plums, and these are planted all over the eastern part of the United States, fruited, particularly in Florida. The Japanese have a huge white clingstone peach, which, though it does not look at all like any of our varieties, is extremely delicious. They got it from China, however. This is to-day the leading market peach of Georgia.

Another Japanese peach, also originally from China, is the Tsao-tai, a peach cultivated to a considerable extent in Florida, but blooms too early for a higher latitude. Two or three bright days at any time in winter will bring out the blossoms. Some of the trees have been planted in Maryland, but for the reason mentioned, they never bear fruit. Specimens of plums, the Japanese grow several varieties for the blossoms alone. They are extremely fond of spring flowers, and festivals are held annually to celebrate the blossoming of the plum and the cherry. The fruit of those blossom-producing varieties is acid and of small account. Plums in general in Japan are not valued for eating fresh; they are picked green usually and pickled.

All of our fruit trees, particularly those with all kinds of conveniences, and contrived all manner of inventions to make things easy?"

"That's just what I mean," said Mr. Sleight, with a doleful expression on his sallow countenance. "William's whole mind seems to be set on makin' things easy, 'stid of keepin' up a stiddy wrestle with 'em, same as I always have."

"Why, when William come back from follerin' the sea, 'n' I accepted of his invitation to come 'n' make a home with us, payin' a little somethin' each week, I explained to him just how things was."

"I told him that the rain come through the roof some in bad weather in the room where he'd have to sleep; but I told him just where it come through, and showed him where I kep' the buckets to ketch the water."

"'Well, if you'll believe me, he never used them buckets but once, 'n' that was the day after he come! He was so lazy that he got up 'n' patched that roof the very next day, 'n' ruther 'n' lift them two buckets back 'n' forth once or twice!"

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TRAVEL IN NORWAY.

The English Language Taught in the Public Schools.

We have seen most pathetic evidences of poverty as we have driven for hundreds of miles through the country. The stone "saeters" on lofty heights, where the farmers live in summer, driving their cows for feed, returning to the valleys in winter, are terribly lone and bare. Low, windowless huts, dreary and dismal with moss-covered roofs, greet us even among the snow fields. In some places these huts are more like dens for beasts. Up on the great heights are little patches of grass which, from below, seem impossible to reach save by a mountain goat. This is gathered in little bundles and swung down on a wire over foaming torrents to the valley below. In a storm of sleet encountered on the mountain we overtook two sad-faced women and a man carrying on his shoulder a load of hay. We hastened to a cover and sought shelter and warmth. They plodded along in the storm.

Here and there are lying under the shoulder of snow-clad heights little funny farm houses, with fine outbuildings, quite suggestive of New England, but in the long drives these outside of the larger towns were exceptional. Everywhere, from peasant to prince, we met with a gracious politeness that won our hearts. The humblest lad instantly raises his hat, while the girls would "courtesy" in good old-fashioned style; old men, as they met their neighbors, always had a graceful salute, while conductors on railroads and officers on steamers always greeted you with a military salute, with a genuine cordiality and a grace which would equal a Parisian.

We have in our long journey here met but one drunken man, have seen no rowdiness or rudeness, though we have stopped at country hotels where the crowd gathers as in our own land. We find no difficulty in our lack of knowledge of the language. English is taught in the free schools and is one of the required studies, while post boys and drivers catch very quickly enough to understand us. We are constantly answering our questions with great ease. The liquor laws are growing more and more stringent, and our consul at Christiania tells us that it is becoming a question as to prohibiting beer and securing a palatable and refreshing drink free from alcohol. The women are taking an active part in the suppression of all liquor drinking. Our good captain runs up to beyond the cape in the fall and winter, and sometimes carries three hundred or four hundred fishermen, but rarely is one found who is intoxicated or quarrelsome. As to schools and churches, a "master" goes from hamlet to hamlet in the winter, teaching the young, and country people flock to church over hills and fields, facing oftentimes the Arctic storms.

In one of the large cities is a school for deaf mutes, where the students are taught lip-reading, and a church where the pastor conducted service in the same way. The love for "native land" we see exemplified in young men and old, who have lived on our rich prizes and are returning to the mountains and valleys which they had left. A gentleman who had lived in Hammarfjord since boyhood became quite wealthy, sold out and went to Hammarfjord to live. He quickly became homesick, and is now back again in his Arctic home, the northernmost town in the world.—Springfield Republican.

FAT AND LEAN.

Result of a Test Made to Decide a Novel Met.

They made a bet. The fat man thought he had all the worst of life, while the thin man held that flesh was a blessing.

"Just in the ordinary affairs of everyday life," began the fat man.

"That's what I'm referring to," put in the thin man. "Go home with me this afternoon and I'll demonstrate it for you."

So they started together from one of the big office buildings, and as they were leaving the office a man in a big hurry entered.

The thin man was able to dodge him, but he fouled the fat man, of course.

"There you are," said the fat man as soon as he had recovered his breath. "Every blind fool runs into me."

"That's nothing," returned the thin man, as he stepped on the elevator and was promptly crowded into a corner by a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound woman.

"We're even," he said as they reached the street.

"Not quite," returned the fat man as he wiped the perspiration from his face. "You're comparatively cool, while I'm melting away."

"But you'll have a chance to be comfortable when we reach a car."

"No more than you."

"Well, as you see."

They each took one of the seats designed to hold just two people of less than medium size, and for a block were on equal terms.

Then a big man got on. There were four or five other people whom he could sit beside, but he singled out this thin man and soon had him wedged in so tightly that he could hardly breathe.

A few blocks farther on the seat ahead was vacated and the thin man moved to it. Two minutes later a woman with puffed sleeves got on, and again he was singled out.

She gave him such an indignant look because he could not make all the room necessary for the sleeves that he got up and moved to the side of a man of medium size.

The man got off at the next corner and a fat woman took his place. Again the thin man was crowded against the side of the seat and his face showed the agony he was in.

"But that was an exceptional case," protested the fat man, when the two had left the car.

"On the contrary, it's a regular thing," returned the thin man. "You can see it any day if you watch out. The thin man never gets a seat to himself. He's always selected as a seat companion and crowded and crushed until his bones ache. I'll have that supper with you to-morrow night."

And he did.—Philadelphia Item.

NO PLACE FOR HIM.

He Didn't Like a Town that Had All Run To Jokes.

"I dunno much about the laws of a city like this," he began as he entered the central station the other evening, and I'd like to ask a few questions."

"Very well," replied the sergeant as he looked up from his desk.

"Kin a feller come up to me and

O My Head!

Is the weak, lacerating cry of the sick headache. Hood's Pills cure this condition promptly, and so agreeably that it is like the pleasant change from darkness to daylight. The feeling of utter exhaustion and inability to work is driven off and the digestive organs are toned, strengthened and regulated. Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, safe, reliable. 25c. at all druggists.

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Maine Farmer.

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For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.

Mr. C. S. AYER, our Agent, is now calling
upon our subscribers in Androscoggin and
Oxford counties.Mr. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our
subscribers in Penobscot county.The authorities in New York city are
making a brave fight for pure milk, as
that lies at the very foundation of the
public health.The culture of peaches in Maine is
now receiving the attention of several
bright farmers who expect to accom-
plish great things by it.Secretary McKee is sending out his
circulars to obtain information on which
to prepare his October bulletin, which is
to be a fruit number, and intended to be
of great practical value to fruit growers.Coincident with the opening of the
great Atlanta Exposition, last week, was
the dedication of the Chickamauga and
Chattanooga National Park. Here the
blue and the gray are met in fraternal
greeting where, a generation ago, the
deadly series of encounters in the
struggle for the Union. The gathering
was bright in its promises for the future.A funny sight was seen at the cattle
show at Peabody, Mass. Two little
pigs, 15 weeks old, harnessed to a small
cart, were driven on the track by a little
five-year-old girl, named Elsie Wollf.
The pigs weigh 50 pounds each, and
have been taught to do all kinds of
tricks, such as see-sawing, jumping, etc.
They created a great deal of amuse-
ment.Russia has arrested nine hundred
nihilists, and is surrounding the young
Czar with soldiers, detectives and police-
men. The young man is in fear of
assassination at any moment. That the
nihilists have renewed their campaign
of terror is evident from the report that
came the other day of the destruction
of the artillery barracks, and the killing
of several hundred officers and men at
Tula, by the explosion of dynamite.We scarcely need to call the attention
of our readers to Mr. Gilbert's address,
delivered at the Readfield Fair, and pub-
lished in full on our first page. It is
purely an agricultural address, worthy
the man and the opportunity, and not a
medley of generalities having as much
to do with the farmer's occupation as
the quality of oleomargarine. Every line
of this admirable address will be read by
our thoughtful readers.The many friends of Miss Abigail
Dodge (Gail Hamilton) will be glad to
know that she is recovering, though
slowly, from her recent severe and
almost fatal illness. Miss Dodge is at
her home at Hamilton, Mass., where she
is cared for by her sister. Although
Miss Dodge is still so weak that she
does not see strangers at all, and her
most immediate neighbors only for a
few minutes, her condition is so en-
couraging that there is every reason to
hope for her ultimate complete recovery.On Thursday the people of Newbury,
Mass., placed a huge boulder on the
green in that town, to commemorate the
departure of Benedict Arnold's ex-
pedition against Quebec, 120 years ago.
In the expedition were 1100 riflemen
under command of Daniel Morgan.
They encamped on the south side of
this green in 1757 Sept. 17, 18 and 19.
There were 25 Newburyport and New-
bury men who accompanied it into the
wilds of Canada, and many of them
never returned.After weeks of wordy agitation, the
weavers' union at Fall River, Mass., voted
almost unanimously, Friday night, not
to strike for an advance in wages. The meet-
ing was held in Music Hall, which was
much overcrowded, and there was a great
amount of noise from time to time.
The sentiment was so overwhelmingly
against a strike that there was no great
discussion, and the meeting did not last
more than 35 minutes. The operatives
there have already lost five millions of
dollars by striking, and they are thor-
oughly sick of it.We have still another failure in Lieut.
Peary's last trip northward. The Peary
relief steamer Kite arrived at St. Johns,
N. F., Saturday afternoon, with Peary,
Lee and Henson safe and sound. The
expedition party endured much hard-
ship last winter, but, undaunted, started
northward again in April in an attempt
to make a new record. They succeeded
in reaching Independence Bay, where
they camped. They were unable to
make any pronounced advance north-
ward, owing to the weakness of the
party, both Lee and Henson being ex-
hausted. A number of the dogs died
from a plague common among them.
The work of the expedition is believed
to be unimportant. The Kite reached
Peary's headquarters Aug. 3, and started
to return on Sept. 1. They spent the
intervening time in exploring in the
interests of the Greenland scientific ex-
pedition. Messrs. Dibbitch, Salisbury,
Dyche, LeBoutillier and Walsh, who
were on board, surveyed many miles of
unknown coasts. They also discovered
two large meteorites, which they
brought home, and another weighing
forty tons which it was impossible to
take away. They also found it impos-
sible to bring home Peary's house.
Many specimens of deer, walrus and
northern animals and birds, flowers and
lichen were secured.

THE GREAT FAIR AT ATLANTA.

At Buzzard's Bay, Wednesday, Pres-
ident Cleveland touched a golden button
that set in motion the wheels of the
machinery at the Cotton States and In-
ternational Exposition, one thousand
miles away, at Atlanta, Ga. Cannon
blazed and thundered, 60,000 people
cheered, a thousand flags fluttered from
the tops of the many buildings, and the
great South's industrial exposition was
officially opened. Strangers had been
coming into the city for two weeks, and
the crowds of people represented all
classes and conditions of men and
women. The parade of civic and mili-
tary bodies which acted as an escort to
the officials of the exposition and its
guests, was the most imposing pro-
cession ever seen in the South.Judge Emory Speer of the United
States court at Macon delivered the
address of the day. He was followed
by Mrs. Joseph Thompson, chairman of
the woman's board. Then Booker T.
Washington of Tuskegee, Ala., one of
the leading colored men of this country,
spoke on behalf of the negro board.
Mr. Albert Howell, a prominent mem-
ber of the Atlanta bar, read a stately
ode written by Mr. Frank L. Stanton,
the South's best known poet of to-day.
An address by Gov. Atkinson of Georgia
was read by George Brown. President
Charles H. Collier of the exposition
company reviewed the work of building
the exposition.With great pluck and courage the
people of Atlanta, famed for their en-
terprise and zeal, undertook the build-
ing of this colossal monument to their
thrift two years ago, at a time when
financial depression and commercial
gloom hovered over the entire country.
But, as they say down South, it was
"Atlanta's way," and after fairly pre-
sented the project to the world, it
wasn't long before Atlanta procured the
approval of the United States govern-
ment. This was backed by the material
support of all the several States and
many of the republics of Central and
South America. It was intended to
make this the grandest array of natural
wealth ever brought together by the
people of the South and of the southern
countries, and to establish how well this
purpose has been carried out, how per-
fectly the dream has been realized,
needs but a visit to the grounds and a
glance over the rising hills and sunlit
slopes of Piedmont Park, alive with the
glow of business and life, and echoing
with the hum of industry.Rarely have there been more beautiful
exposition grounds than these. Upon a
lofty green hillside towers the United
States Government building, with the
Fine Arts building and the New York
State building on one side, and the Man-
ufacturers' building on the other. The
picture presented from this lofty height
is one of marvelous beauty. Far down
the glittering steps of granite which
span the green terraces stretches an
extensive valley land, which has been
transformed into a beautiful park. In
the center is an immense fountain shoot-
ing its spray into the air. Spacious
walks paved with crushed limestone
wind through the place in all directions,
amid verdant lawns, all kinds of flowers,
and cotton fields bursting into glorious
white in all their natural growth.On the east side of the park stretches a
plaza, where music is discoursed
by the leading bands of the country,
almost on the brink of the spacious lake,
whose waters touch the threshold of
many of the principal buildings on the
ground.Around the borders of the park and
lake all the main buildings are accessible
—the Administration building, the Audi-
torium, the Woman's building, the Agri-
cultural building, the Pennsylvania State
building, the Forestry building, the Mex-
ican village, the Transportation building,
the Machinery Hall, the Electricity build-
ing, and the Manufacturers building. The
lake covers 15 acres, and is filled
with clearest of waters from the Chat-
tahoochee River—a pretty mountain stream
which flows down from the Blue Ridge
mountains of North Georgia. Upon the
bosom of the lake gondolas and launches
are afloat, and in the center of the main
basin an electric fountain lends grandeur
to the picture. Just beyond the lake
extends the Midway Heights, which is
the avenue of fun and frolic and curios
of every kind, known at the Columbian
World's Fair as the Midway Plaisance.On the eastern side of the lake the
grounds are taken up by the negro
building, which contains all manner of
exhibits from the colored people's world,
illustrative of their handicraft, their
life, customs and faith; the Tobacco
building, filled with displays from the
tobacco-growing regions of North Caro-
lina, Virginia and Kentucky; the South-
ern Railway building, containing a com-
plete exhibit of the commodities of the
traffic regions along the lines of this
great railway system; the Transporta-
tion building, with its world of interest-
ing things on display from the great
railway shops and factories of the times;
the Electricity building, which holds
one of the most interesting displays
along this line ever collected by the
scientists and machinists of the world,
and the Georgia Manufacturers building.Such, in brief, is the story of the ex-
position as it appears to the visitor
standing upon the loftiest height, beside
the Government building, and sending
his first glance over the entire scope of
Piedmont Park, now a city of rare
beauty, which has sprung up like magic
within the past few months.The United States Government build-
ing is filled with one of the completest
presentations of the nation's force and
strength ever yet brought out by the
various departments of state. Some
fifteen States are represented in the ex-
hibits, and of these the following have
buildings: Georgia, Alabama, New
York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Illi-
nois and California.Perhaps no department of the Fair
comes up to that in charge of the
women. Mrs. Joseph Thompson is
President of the woman's board, and has
a legion of co-workers. Women are to
have several days of special assignments,
such as reconciliation day, when the
Blue and the Gray will mingle in gladharmony; daughters of the confederacy
day; Grady day; Jewish day, dress
reform day; educational and other days.
The Woman's building looks more like
a huge, comfortable, old-time mansion
than a place of exhibition. The de-
signer and director of this Miss Temple
of Washington, of the firm of Temple
& Shelton. The dome is done in creamy
plaster on a pale blue ground. The
figures in partial and high relief are
symbolical of woman's work. The de-
signs are beautiful. This is the finish-
ing touch to an entirely satisfactory
building, planned by a woman, decorated
by a woman, and fitted, managed and
occupied by women, for the sole purpose
of the improvement of women.The Negro building is one of great
interest. The staff medallions decorat-
ing the pediment over the entrance are
the finest work of that kind that has yet
been done there. These medallions
represent the past of the negro race by
the head of an old slave, the present by
a superb head of the late Frederick
Douglass. Surrounding each are scenes
corresponding to the condition of each.
There is a remarkable piece of sculpture,
a bust of Charles Sumner, executed by
Edmonia Lewis of Rome, Italy. It is a
contribution to the negro exhibit by
Dr. W. H. Johnson of Albany, N. Y., to
whom the bust was presented by the
artist. It is hoped that Miss Lewis will
exhibit other pieces of her sculpture.
There is a well known negro painter of
Philadelphia now in Rome, and it is
expected that he will also place some of
his work there. W. O. Jacques, another
colored artist of Georgia, who also
teaches among his race, has made a
collection of his paintings and those of
his pupils. The collected work of the
negroes will be a veritable marvel to
those who have so long regarded the
race as incapable of high effort or sus-
tained work.

NO LONGER ENEMIES.

One of the bloodiest battlefields the
world ever saw was formally dedicated
at Chattanooga, Tenn., on Thursday, as
a pleasure park for the edification and
enjoyment of the American people for all
time. It was the dedication of the
battlefield of Chickamauga, whose beau-
tiful ravines and mountain sides were
strewn with nearly 30,000 dead and
wounded men thirty-two years ago. The
dedication was conducted by men who
fought in that awful strife; men who at
that time sought each other's lives;
sought to increase the bloodshed, if ne-
cessary, to win the fight. Two generals,
with silver gray hair, who headed thou-
sands of men in the fray on opposite
sides, made the principal speeches at
the dedication. They were Generals
John M. Palmer and John B. Gordon.
The feud which stirred them to strife
then has been blotted out, and now they
and their followers are as brothers of
one nation and one family.It is doubtful if the world ever before
saw another such scene as that at Chick-
amauga on Thursday. Certainly there
was never one more impressive and at
the same time joyfully affecting. It was
witnessed by no less than 50,000 people
of the North and of the South, and at
least half of them took part in that
bloody Civil War of which Chickamauga
battle was a part.The ceremonies took place at Snodgrass
Hill, whose tip and side for a mile or
more were so thickly covered with dead
thirty-two years ago that day, that, as
the survivors say, one could walk all
over it, from crest to base, stepping from
one prostrate body to another.Hours before the exercises began the
battlefield was alive with people who
had come to attend the dedication. The
first event of the day was a display of
arms by Battery F, Fourth Artillery.
Then there was a battalion regimental
drill, showing the new tactics and drill
movements, under command of Captain
P. Olland. These exercises at arms
were of great interest to the veterans,
both the "Rebs" and "Yanks," though
the old fellows expressed the belief that
such tactics would have fallen as timor-
ously before a mowder if placed against
those used during the battle of Chicka-
mauga.Vice-President Stevenson presided
over the dedicatory exercises. He was
introduced by General John S. Fullerton,
chairman of the Chickamauga and Chat-
tanooga National Park.The meeting was called to order at 12
o'clock, and at that hour Snodgrass Hill
was covered with people. The great nat-
ural area selected by the national com-
mission on Snodgrass Hill was so ar-
ranged that nearly every one of the tens
of thousands of auditors could hear the
speeches and addresses throughout. By
way of beginning, there was a national
salute of 44 guns by the artillery, fol-
lowed by the "Star Spangled Banner,"
played by one of the United States In-
fantry bands. It was cheered to the
echo by veterans of the blue and the
gray, and in their patriotic enthusiasm
many of the grizzled old veterans shed
tears of joy.When the applause had ceased, Vice-
President Stevenson said:"I am honored by being called to pre-
side over the ceremonies of this day. By
solemn decree of the representatives
of the American people, this magnificent
park, with its wondrous associations and
memories, is now to be dedicated for all
time to national and patriotic purposes.
This is the fitting hour for the august
ceremonies we now inaugurate. To-day
by act of the Congress of the United
States, the Chickamauga and Chat-
tanooga National Military Park is forever
set apart for all common uses; solemnly
dedicated for all the ages to all the
American people. The day is auspici-
ous. It notes the anniversary of one of
the greatest battles known to history.
Here, in the dread tribunal of last resort,
valor contended against valor. Here
brave men struggled and died for the
right, 'As God gave them to see the right.'
Thirty-two years have passed, and the
few survivors of that masterful day—
victors and vanquished alike—again
meet upon this memorable field. Alas,
the splendid armies that rendezvoused
here are little more than a procession of
shadows."On fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread;
While glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."Our eyes now behold the sublime spec-
tacle of the honored survivors of the
great battle coming together upon theseheights once more. They meet, not in
deadly conflict, but as brothers, under
one flag—fellows citizens of a common
country. All grateful to God, that in
the supreme struggle, the government of
our fathers, our common heritage, was
triumphant, and that to all of the com-
ing generations of our countrymen, it
will remain 'An indivisible union of in-
destructible States.'"Our dedication to-day is but a cere-
mony. In the words of the immortal
Lincoln at Gettysburg: "But in a larger
sense, we cannot dedicate. We cannot
consecrate. We cannot hallow this
ground. The brave men living, and
dead, who struggled here have consecrated
it far above our power to add or
deduct."I will detain you no longer from lis-
tening to the eloquent words of those
who were participants in the bloody
struggle—the sharers alike in its danger
and its glory."Prayer was now offered by the Rt.
Rev. Bishop Gailor of Tennessee."America" was then sung by the audi-
ence, accompanied by the band, and
every one of the fifty and odd thou-
sands of people assembled, blue and
gray, sung it as if inspired. The great
volume of sound rolled up as a tidal
wave, and long before the song was
ended tears were coursing down the
cheeks of thousands of the old veterans.
It made the cold chills run up and down
the backs of even the most hardened of
the battle-scarred veterans, and those
who shed tears were proud of it. Not
one of them was ashamed, nor was there
any one who would shame them.General John M. Palmer, the vener-
able Senator of Illinois, who thirty-two
years ago that day risked his life on the
battlefield, made the first dedicatory ad-
dress. When he came forward his voice
was husky, and had a tremulous sound.
And never in all his life, unless perhaps
when he was directing his men at Chat-
tanooga, thirty-two years ago, did he
speak more earnestly.He became grandly eloquent as he ad-
vanced in his address, and his eloquence
was appreciated, and at frequent inter-
vals he was applauded with a vigor that
showed the audience were in touch with
him.Another patriotic tune followed Gen-
eral Palmer, and then the battle-scarred
veteran of the Confederacy, whom Lee
called his "right arm," John B. Gordon
of Georgia, was introduced. He was
greeted with no less applause than was
accorded General Palmer, and he spoke
with fully as much feeling and patriot-
ism. Perhaps the most eloquent oration
of the occasion was given by Gov. Green-
halge of Massachusetts.

WHY WE GO TO THE FAIRS.

Most of the fairs and cattle shows in
the State have been held, and are the
people inquiring as to their utility? The
managers of these fairs are to be con-
gratulated on providing these fine ex-
hibitions which the people have greatly en-
joyed. No native of New England, says
the Worcester Spy, who has
reached middle life, who visits these
fairs and compares what is shown this
year of cereals, vegetables and fruits, of
live stock, of dairy products, of all the
ingenious inventions and appliances for
facilitating and making lighter the work
of farm, garden, orchard and household,
to the exhibits made at such fairs thirty
or forty years ago, but will be proud to
recognize the fact that in spite of all the
changes that have come to New Eng-
land's agricultural industries because of
the settlement of the vast agricultural
regions of the west, agriculture, horticulture
and their kindred pursuits are
carried on with intelligence, scientific
skill and genuine Yankee sagacity, and
that those engaged in them are as surely
the conservators of all that is best in
New England traditions and ideas as
were their colonial ancestors.Another thought suggested by these
fairs is that the love of agriculture and
its kindred pursuits is not confined to
those citizens who make these their
chief occupation. The merchant, the
manufacturer, the clerk, the mechanic,
the professional man, finds intervals of
leisure throughout the spring and summer
to cultivate his home lot or his
broader areas he possesses, and derives
from this occupation an enjoyment of
which the denizens of thickly populated
cities have no conception. And it is this
love for "seeing things grow" on one's
own land, be its area ever so little, and
the pains that are taken to beautify
home surroundings with flower beds,
shrubbery and grass plots, that give to
the villages and towns of New England
much of their beauty and charm.In Miss Whiting's most interesting
story of her visit to Hawarden Castle is
a synopsis of the address of Mr. Glad-
stone, which followed the distribution
of prizes to the winners at the flower
show. The "Grand Old Man" dwelt on
the importance of small holdings, of the
permanent advantages of hand cultivation
of the soil, of the importance of
maintaining such shows that the cot-
tager and artisan might be encouraged
to cultivate the soil. The aged states-
man and sage did not put it in so many
words, but it can be plainly read between
the lines of his speech that his matured
experience has led him to the belief that
in small holdings with hand cultivation
lies the remedy for many of the troubles
of our times. That is the reason why
not only he and Mrs. Gladstone, but all
his family encouraged the exhibition
that was being held that day. And what
Mr. Gladstone desires for old Eng-
land we all may desire for New England,
that its hills and valleys may be made
fruitful by careful tillage and that the
surroundings of its humble homes may
be made beautiful by the handwork of
their occupants. And to this end New
England's annual fairs, from the greatest
to the least, all contribute.The latest addition to our growing
navy is the second-class battleship
"Maine," just put into commission at
the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The Maine
has been a long while in getting ready
for service, but she is now in trim for
aggressive work should occasion require.
Bills in equity have been filed against
the Boston Investment Company and
the Massachusetts Real Estate Company.
Another case where Maine men and
women are the willing victims. Hun-
dreds of thousands of dollars are involved.

A "PROVIDENT" ASSOCIATION.

The retiring Bank Examiner, Mr.
Charles R. Whitten, has just made a
voluntarily report to the Governor and
Council concerning the affairs of the
Granite State Provident Association,
which has been doing business in Maine.
We cannot afford space for his lengthy
report, though every line of it is inter-
esting. The Examiner says that this
Association is organized under a special
act of the State of New Hampshire, and
is doing what it claims to be a Building
and Loan Association business on the
National plan. It has loans and a en-
closes in some twenty-nine different States,
and issues many different kinds of stock
or certificates, both single payment and
installment. It takes two mortgages; a
first mortgage and a second mortgage, and
claims and exercises the right to sell
the first mortgage. There are 4000
shareholders in Maine, who have invested
their money to the extent of some \$400,
000. He, with officials from other States,
has been at work for some time upon an
examination of the affairs of the com-
pany. Instead of a surplus of \$152,716,
which the books of the company show,
Mr. Whitten finds an apparent deficit of
\$13,021. He finds that President G. Per-
cival Stewart has been borrowing on the
association's security, money from the as-
sociation at six per cent. interest, and has
been reinvesting it in the preferred
shares of the company at eight per cent.
He finds a method of doing business
whereby the association may show a gain
of \$25,000, while the business taken as a
whole would result in a net loss of \$25,
000. He finds that the members of the
association have paid in \$1.55 for every
dollar that they have credited to them
on the books. He finds also numerous
irregularities in the management of the
affairs of the company. This, in brief,
is the result of the investigations which
has been going on since last March.
The association has been doing business
in Maine about five years.Accompanying the report, Gov. Cleaves
issues a vigorous opinion letter to Mr. Tim-
berlake, the newly appointed Bank Ex-
aminer, directing him to proceed
against the association. The Governor
says he understands the association is
still prosecuting its business in Maine,
and if he is correctly informed, is now
with its new business taking from the
State probably \$15,000 or more, every
month. Though the Maine shareholders
have paid into this company \$388,046.50,
the report shows they had standing to
their credit on the first day of June last,
only \$247,514.30; and there has been
charged back against their accounts
\$138,532.18 for expenses and fines. Or
to state the proposition in another form,
the report shows that the Maine share-
holders had paid into this association on
the first day of last June about \$1.55 for
every \$1 that stood to their credit on the
books of the company.The Governor adds:
"I have heretofore expressed to your
department my belief that it was for
the best interests of the people of our
State to permit foreign loan and building
associations to prosecute their business
in Maine. Experiences have demon-
strated that it has been and is a constant
drain on the resources of our State, in-
jurious to our home loan and building
associations and savings banks, and detri-
mental to the prosperity and business
interests of our State. The entire au-
thority, however, to revoke or suspend
the license already granted by the bank-
ing department of Maine, is placed by
the statute under which the company
was admitted to business here—in the
hands and at the discretion of the bank
examiner. Should you, after full and
fair consideration, decide to revoke or
suspend the authority heretofore given
to this association to carry on its busi-
ness in this State, you are authorized, at
the expense of the State, to apply to the
courts for such processes as may be ne-
cessary to enforce the provisions of the
statutes and protect the interests of the
Maine shareholders in the funds now
held by the State treasurer for the pro-
tection and indemnity of the residents of
this State who have dealt in or trans-
acted business with this company."G. Percival Stewart, President of the
association, has telegraphed the Gov-
ernor a reply to Mr. Whitten's report,
saying that it is in direct violation of his
agreement with the commissioners of
five other States to make a joint report
agreed upon, and asks that another ex-
amination be made by the new official,
at the expense of the association. Mr.
Stewart states that the Provident is the
largest building and loan association in
New England and the second largest in
America. Local agents say that the as-
sociation is all right. Mr. Stewart has
since made a more elaborate report,
which has been replied to by Mr. Whit-
ten in a most convincing manner.

Latest Developments.

Like Davy Crockett's coon, the Provid-
ent Company has come down from the
tree before an official shot was fired.
Anticipating the logical action of the
Department, the manager of the asso-
ciation yesterday sent a statement to
Bank Examiner Timberlake, in which
they agree "that no new shares shall be
sold, solicited or accepted, nor any new
business transacted, either directly or
indirectly," by them in this State during
the next sixty days. In reply to this
Mr. Timberlake informed them that he
had already prepared an order covering
the same ground, which was for the
present rendered unnecessary by the
voluntary action of the association. He
should, however, take such measures in
the future as would be necessary for the
protection of the interest of our people
of the State. Thus the efforts of Bank
Examiner Whitten are bearing fruit.The weather crop bulletin for the past
week in Maine says: "Generally clear,
pleasant weather has prevailed in Maine,
with light local showers on the 21st and
22d. The water supplies are getting
extremely low, and are fast falling. It
is too dry to plow, and fall feed is
seriously feeling the effects of the con-
tinued dry weather. The temperature
the first part of the week was generally
low, but for the last few days the hottest
weather of the season has prevailed in
many places. The heat has intensified
the drought, and it has served to ripen
up corn and other late crops well, until
now most crops are past danger from
frost. Cranberries were frost bitten on
some local last week. Beans have cured
very well. Potatoes are rotting to con-
siderable extent."Gov. Cleaves, on Monday, nominated
Otis Meader a delegate to attend the
Farmers' Congress, which will be held
at Atlanta, Ga., next month.

CITY NEWS.

—The long continued drought has
caused people to complain of dry wells.
—Comfort can be found most any-
where. Gannett found it in ashes the
other morning.
—People are preparing in large num-
bers to attend the Y. M. C. A. course of
entertainment soon to begin in this city.
—The first assessment of 20 per cent.
on the stock of the new city building has
been made.—Chief Justice Fuller, his son Weston
and daughter Jane were in Augusta, last
week, on their way from Bar Harbor to
Washington.—The granite for the foundation of
the new city building is being taken
from the Sylvester quarry, situated on
the Belfast road.—Mr. R. P. Eaton of Boston is here,
visiting the scenes of his childhood.
Like all others, he is charmed with
Augusta's growth.—An old and valued subscriber, Mr.
Chas. A. Bennett, and family have ar-
rived home from Ocean Point, where
they have spent the last four months.—John W. Fogler of Leavenworth,
Kans., formerly Cashier of the First
National Bank of this city, is here for a
short time, receiving the greetings of
old friends.—Nobert Dustin, aged 48, drove
around the corner of Jefferson
and Washington streets too fast, and was
thrown from his wagon, on Tuesday. A
dislocated shoulder was the result.—While at work at the paper mill,
Saturday, Earnest A. Barnes had his left
foot badly crushed by a heavy piece of
shafting falling upon it. Several bones
were broken and the flesh badly mangled.—Horace Little, dealer in hardware,
successor to Orrin Williamson and Thos.
Leigh, Jr., Esq., for the benefit of his
creditors, Mr. Little bought out Mr.
Williamson nearly three years ago. The
creditors will soon be notified of the
assets and liabilities.—David Harrigan, a hostler, aged 25,
who had been at work for Stilkey & Co.,
while attempting to board a freight
train, Sunday noon, at the station in
this city, in making a jump for the
bumpers, slipped and fell, the car wheels
running over his right arm, below the
elbow. He was obliged to have his arm
amputated. He was partially intox-
icated at the time.—While on a business trip to Chicago,
Mr. Walter D. Stinson had a narrow
escape from a horrible railroad accident.
The accident occurred on the Michigan
Central at Marshalltown, Mich., while
running at the rate of 40 miles an hour,
the big engine left the rails. It was on
level ground, but the engine turned com-
pletely bottom up, pinning the engineer
underneath. One entire side of the mail
car, in which five clerks were working,
was torn away, the buffet car, which Mr.
Stinson had just left, was flung across
the track and the wheels were torn from
beneath it. The next car, in which Mr.
Stinson was, suffered nearly as bad a
shock. Marvelous as it may seem, not a
person was injured save the engineer,
and he, though pinned for over an hour
under the great engine and amid escap-
ing steam, got off with a crushed foot.—The people of North Augusta passed
a very enjoyable evening, Sept. 19th,
with their pastor, Rev. S. E. Leach, at
his home. He is laboring with very
marked success, and with an earnestness
and zeal that claims the sympathy of all.
He is an especial favorite with the
young people, and manifests a deep in-
terest in them and for their best good.
The church and his numerous friends
combined by way of showing their ap-
preciation of his efforts and the respect
which they have all learned to feel for
him, in giving him a surprise, by do-
nating to his happiness and comfort,
the necessities and luxuries of life, and
a purse of money, all amounting to
\$57.50. All were kindly received and
pleasantly entertained by the pastor and
his wife for the evening after which all
went to their homes feeling better for
having met them.—Death, sad at all times, is peculiarly
so when its coming seems to be fixed by
an insidious disease. After a long period
of suffering, Miss Carrie M. Libby, the
eldest daughter of Mr. Wm. H. Libby,
died on Sunday night. Miss Libby was
born in Augusta, and was educated in
its public schools and at St. Catharine's
Hall. She was for some years a suc-
cessful teacher, relinquishing this position
to devote herself more fully to home
duties and interests, and to enjoy the op-
portunities of travel, of friendship and of
social intercourse that larger leisure
made possible. One of her most inti-
mate friends, Miss Olive E. Dana, the
sweet poet and writer, says of her in the
Daily Journal, that she was a most de-
voted daughter, a loyal, loving and ten-
derly-loved sister, and a friend whose
warm and ready sympathies and unflin-
ging goodness of heart endeared her to all
her associates. Her helpful spirit, gen-
ial disposition, well-balanced mind and
sunny temper made her a welcome guest
at many firesides. The sympathy of all
her friends goes out to the bereaved par-
ents, to the devoted sister—between
whom and herself existed a companion-
ship unusually close and tender—and to
the brothers to whom she gave always
most loyal love and sisterly service.The new cow barn at the Insane Hos-
pital, made possible by the act of the
last legislature, is rapidly approaching
completion. It is a noble structure,
with almost perfect sanitary conditions.
The cow barn proper extends north and
south, with wings at either end. They
will be used for storing hay, grain and
other fodder. In fact, there has been
350 tons of hay put away in the lofts,
and ensilage is being made at the rate of
40 tons daily, and hoisted from the cut-
ting machines into the silos of the north-
ern wing. There are three of these
silos, large enough to contain about 100
tons apiece. The crop of corn used for
ensilage this year is large. The

Items of Maine News.

A white deer was seen in York county a few days ago.

The town of Sebago has just dedicated its new academy building, the bequest of Dr. Potter.

Gen. J. J. Perry of Portland is seriously ill with stomach trouble and an affection of the heart.

The court house extension at Houlton is completed, and affords just the accommodations needed for the several departments.

The town of Thomaston proposes to appropriate \$1000, or more if necessary, to preserve the beautiful shade trees from the worms.

The 38th semi-annual session of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Maine will be held at Milo, on Wednesday and Thursday, October 2d and 3d.

Patents were granted, Tuesday, to Thomas H. B. Pierce of Dexter for a game board, and Silas W. McLoon of Rockland on a lime kiln.

The Girls' Home in Belfast, which has been established through the efforts of the Woman's Aid Society, was formally opened on Friday.

Mrs. Rosella Blaisdell of Pittsfield, a widow, aged 69 years, committed suicide by drowning, at noon, Friday. She had been insane at times for five years.

George H. Starr, British vice consul at Portland, died, Thursday, after a long illness. He had represented Great Britain there for many years.

A special convocation of the Grand Chapter will be held at Boothbay Harbor, Thursday, Oct. 3d, at 7:30 P. M., for the purpose of constituting in ample form Pentecost Chapter.

Monday afternoon, Charles Smith of Bath attempted suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. He had been in poor health for some time. He had made four cuts, but neither of them will prove fatal.

David H. Toothaker, one of the leading and well known citizens of Phillips, died last week. He began falling about a year, and two weeks ago he suffered from a shock, which hastened his death.

James W. Grant, a farmer and a prominent citizen of Lebanon, was found dead in his house, Thursday morning. His folks being absent. He had evidently gone to bed and arisen during the night, and fallen dead of heart disease.

Five hundred employees of the sardine factories met in mass meeting at Eastport, Monday, and a number of speeches were made. The assemblage was unanimous in the determination to quit work rather than submit to a reduction of wages.

Daniel Richardson, Esq., a prominent citizen of Naples, died, recently, at the age of 85 years. He had represented his town in the legislature, also as Town Treasurer, had served as Collector of Taxes over fifteen years, and for several years was Selectman.

A meeting was recently held in Machiasport to offer inducements for parties out of the town to build a sardine factory on the site where the Machiasport Packing Co.'s factory was burned some time since. The Union learns there are to be other factories in the vicinity another season.

There was a large bear seen within a mile and a half of the East Machias post office, last Wednesday. It is no uncommon sight to see deer feeding beside the roads within a mile of the village, and there are some of the best roads out of East Machias for the wheel that can be found in the State, so travelers say.

A bear was seen crossing the premises of J. F. Melcher, in Letter E plantation, in the forenoon of Sept. 11th. Melcher and another man discovered him while Melcher was pulling beans in his field. Melcher went to the house for his gun, and the other man followed him some distance, but he got out of sight before the gun arrived.

The Non-Partisan W. C. T. U. convention in Belfast, last week, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. A. C. Paul, Fort Fairfield; Vice President, Mrs. A. Cushman, Auburn; General Secretary, Miss Lillian LeProhon, Augusta; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Julia A. McKenney, Belfast; Assistant Recording Secretary, Miss Gertie Peavey, Fort Fairfield; Treasurer, Mrs. A. I. Brown, Belfast.

The assault and battery indictment found by the grand jury in the Cumberland superior court, against Dallas M. Hall of Lewiston, will not be tried. The indictment was the outcome of the scrape at the Brunswick restaurant, August 16, on the return of the State troops from muster. The complainant, Wilbur F. Reynolds, has presented the case with a written acknowledgment of satisfaction, and the indictment will be not pressed.

The Board of Health in Saco is investigating the cause of the prevalence of typhoid fever. Three children of Arthur Deering, who are sick with it, are believed to have contracted the disease by drinking from a well near which a sink drain extends. Three other cases of typhoid fever in a family supplied with milk from Mr. Deering's farm, are thought to be due to the cleansing of their receptacles with water from the contaminated well, but the theory is not generally credited.

The little seven-year-old son of Elijah Norton of Dover displayed much presence of mind and courage the other day, in catching three large and repulsive looking snakes, with heads erect, and evidently bent on mischief, says the Observer. The reptiles were making for a helpless little child belonging to Mrs. James Hart, which had been left in the care of a few minutes previous by its mother. Another reptile accompanied the trio, which the little fellow would have killed had it not disappeared in the grass.

Capt. Robert Soule of Freeport died, Thursday, at the age of nearly 89 years. Capt. Soule had been retired from active business many years, but was at one time one of the prominent business men of the village. He was known as a genial and quiet citizen, with a pleasant countenance and easy manners, with a pleasant smile and greeting for everybody. His last days were peaceful and happy. He leaves one son, Edward S., in business in Freeport. Edward at one time resided in Augusta.

Thursday afternoon, Charles Wilson of Kittery Point found the body of Mrs. Abbie Hillard of the place flying in a creek near the government grove. She had been missing since Sept. 8. A general search had been made for her, and when found a skull was wrapped about her head and knotted in front in such a manner as to give rise to suspicions of foul play. A jury was impaneled, and after a full investigation they returned a verdict that Mrs. Hillard's death was due to drowning, caused either by her own hand or by some person unknown to the jury.

Oscar E. Blaney, the Kittery murderer, committed suicide Wednesday morning, by hanging himself in his cell at the State Prison in Thomaston. He accomplished his purpose by making a noose from an apron strap and a towel, which he placed around his neck and then threw over the bars, thereby causing death by strangulation. The

cause the number of breeders is so small. One sees a few well bred colts, the bulk of horses, outside the races, being of the larger type, answering the old-time call for a general purpose animal. Sheep and swine are conspicuous by their absence, the former having little chance in these sections at the present time.

There are advantages in living in the midst of manufacturing centres, near to the final distributing points, but it is not all sunshine for the farmer even here, and one does not read the story or see the external evidences of prosperity any more frequently than along the valleys of our Maine rivers, or on the hill farms in any of our counties. That success rests with the individual rather than the location is an axiom worthy of general acceptance, and nowhere more clearly manifest than when roaming about the farming sections of any State.

A night ride of ten miles across the hills to catch a late train for Maine will not soon be forgotten, as the delicious aroma from the wild grapes loaded the air with rich perfume, which remained for days.

At Sturbridge we had the pleasure of meeting and listening to Ex-Gov. Chamberlain of South Carolina, a Massachusetts man who reflected great credit upon New England during his administration, and at Spencer, Lieut. Gov. Walcott of Massachusetts, one of the most pleasing public speakers to be heard anywhere. In the absence of Gov. Greenhalge, acting Gov. Walcott spoke eloquently for the State, also the honor of Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, W. R. Sessions, one of the most devoted and painstaking public servants to be found anywhere, who set forth in a clear manner the duty of the citizens of Massachusetts, and the farmers in particular, touching public life and responsibilities.

In the central and upper portions of Worcester county the farmers are adding rapidly to the number of silos, finding them of substantial value in reducing the cost of curing the corn crop. Threshing machines are disappearing, and the grain crop, chiefly oats, is cured and fed entire, and with most excellent results.

The apple crop is reported light in every section, and but few choice plates are seen upon the tables, what there are being chiefly Russets, Greenings or Gravensteins. Good Baldwins are a scarce article.

The markets are overrun with pears, and also native peaches, lacking only the bloom to make them as attractive as any, and California plums, pears and grapes, selling at prices which must wrench the heart strings of the original producer upon the farm, ranch or vineyard.

Unless rain comes soon the winter supply of food in barn and silo must be opened, in order for the stock to maintain its condition and productiveness.

There are dull murmurings to be heard which indicate another struggle over the question of tuberculosis. If one may judge by what he hears the question is liable to get into politics, and if so the ones to suffer will be the farmer, unless he is extremely active in the primaries. Years are demonstrating more and more the wisdom of Maine authorities in this matter.

The annual winter meeting of the State Board will be held the first week in December at Dalton, and the programme will be one of the best ever presented, the speakers being all recognized authorities.

Already there are indications of a warm political campaign in Massachusetts, and candidates are active. Whereas, in Maine, all hands are quietly basking in the shade of their own vines and fig trees, waiting for '96. There are some things worse than biennial elections.

Fire early Thursday morning destroyed the most of the wooden building, owned and occupied by the Gannett & Morse Concern, and publishers of the *Comfort*, adjoining their fine brick building, on the east side of the river in this city. The fire gained considerable headway before an alarm was sounded; but after the firemen got at work they performed noble service, so much so as to elicit the warmest commendation of the proprietor. With the magnificent water service, the work being done without a particle of damage. The wooden building and its contents were mostly a heap of ruins. The large press upon which *Comfort* was formerly printed, was located in the end of the wooden building, adjoining the brick building, and although it was worth \$20,000, and was in constant service, it was ruined by the fire and will have to take its place in the old junk pile. There was a small safe in the burned building, the contents of which were quite valuable, and these came out all right. The building destroyed was used for a mailing room, and contained millions of mailings slips, and important letters and papers, which were invaluable and cannot be duplicated. No insurance could cover these, and in fact the only insurance Mr. Gannett had was \$20,000, and this will only cover the press. His total loss was about \$75,000. While the flames were still blazing, the indomitable proprietor, Mr. W. H. Gannett, was formulating plans for future operations. The attic of the brick building, a room 70x90 feet, has been used as a store room. This was cleaned out and made convenient, and in it was placed the crew that had been driven from the wooden building by the fire. The new press was still running, and the wheels of the Gannett & Morse Concern moved on unimpeded, not an employee losing a single hour. Those who were obliged to stay out for a day or two received their pay right along. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Some temporary building may be built on the burnt district, but early in the spring we expect there will be erected a spacious brick building in every way to compare with the present structure, and to be in keeping with the immense business enterprises of Mr. Gannett.

Dr. B. L. Whitman, formerly of Colby University, who succeeds the late Dr. Willing as President of Columbia University, made his debut in Washington, Friday night, as a public speaker. The occasion was the celebration of the anniversary of Italian unification at a banquet in the evening, at which Baron Fava and other distinguished guests were present. Dr. Whitman made the speech of the evening.

Germany's Great Leader Speaks
A Startling Truth.
And Gives a Lesson We Will Do Well to Heed.
He Says, "Blood and Iron Rule the World."
Just What This May Mean to Every One of Us.
Such Startling Words Bring the Truth Home to Us.

When Prince Bismarck, Germany's great leader said, "The world is not ruled by parliaments and political meetings, but by blood and iron," he uttered a truth the extent of which few comprehend. The world is ruled by race—race is ruled by blood—pure blood. All genius and all talent, in war and in peace, is dependent on the conditions of the blood. It is the main spring of individual force and power. It vitalizes or enervates the physical and mental strength. We speak of blooded stock in the animal kingdom; it will apply with equal force to the human race.

When Greece was full of vital energy, when she cultivated her physical health she became mistress of the world, and her great Alexander wept for other worlds to conquer; but when she became effeminate a horde of barbarians overran and destroyed her, leaving behind them a path of mournful ruins. In tainted blood, impure and weak, was written that nation's and empire's doom. So, too, Rome and many another nation has suffered in the loss of physical prowess and been destroyed or hurt. We need, both as a nation and as individuals, to take this important lesson to ourselves. Be well and keep it. Do not fail to strengthen the nerves and purify the blood. Then, long life is assured; good work in the world will come, and you will know the blessings of sound body and happy mind. Nothing has yet been discovered to accomplish this, like Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy.

The great Bismarck did no more for Germany in discovering her elements of unity and enforcing them, than has this distinguished specialist done for mankind in discovering his wonderful remedy for all blood ailments and nerve weakness, give health and strength and happiness to all who will take it and be cured of their suffering. Do not fail to improve this fortunate opportunity. Take Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy and you can be well and strong, strong to conquer what end you undertake in life.

Mr. F. A. Arnold, of Woodville, N. H., says: "Three months ago I was in a very debilitated state. My stomach refused to act, and after eating I suffered pain from indigestion. My blood was in a very low state, and I was in no condition to work. I did keep around me, but suffered continually. My kidneys bothered me considerably, and I had continual pain in the small of my back.

"I was considerably discouraged about my condition, and feared that I should never be able to get on my feet. I heard of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy and its wonderful results upon others, and I determined to try it.

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"My business is railroad, which I could not now do if it had not been for Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and I gladly recommend it to all."

Why waste time in trying uncertain and untried remedies, when here is a physician's prescription, a discovery made by the greatest living specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, Dr. Greene, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. If you take this medicine you can consider yourself under Dr. Greene's direct professional care, and you can consult or write him about your case, freely and without charge. This is a guarantee that his remedy will cure, possessed by no other medicine in the world.

The Kennebec Central R. R.
This little road, leading from Randolph to Togus, is quite a concern when the dividends are reckoned. The annual meeting was held last week, and they report this corporation to be in a very healthy condition.

The Treasurer's report showed the total gross earnings to be \$14,417.89, operating expenses \$8,767.80, gross income \$5,650.09, less interest and taxes \$2,038.75, net income \$3,611.34, surplus June 30, '95, \$4,333.27. The earnings of July and August exceed by considerable the earnings for the same months, '94. The total number of stockholders are 78.

It was noted that a dividend of 6 per cent be declared payable Oct. 1st, to stockholders of record.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Weston Lewis, President; P. H. Winslow, Treasurer; H. S. Webster, Clerk; Weston Lewis, J. S. Maxey, A. C. Stiphen, J. B. Dingley and A. W. Jewett, Directors; A. C. Stiphen, Auditor and General Counsel.

The South Kennebec Agricultural Society are holding a most successful fair on their grounds at South Windgor. In the baby show, Tuesday, the premiums were awarded as follows:

Babies less than one year, and over 6 months of age, the handsomest baby—Leon Allen, Chelsea, 1st; Eugene Augustus Maxson, Augusta, 2d; John William Scott, Pittsford, 3d.

Babies 6 months old and under—Angie Statia Malcolm, South Windgor, 1st; Amy Field, North Windgor, 2d; Persis Sanford Pease, Augusta, 3d.

At the last annual meeting of the old Kennebec Agricultural Society, it was decided that the superintendents of the different departments of the fair should be taken for the Board of Trustees. This was done, and the success of the recent fair was largely due to that fact. Who can possibly be more interested in the affairs of the society than the Trustees? And their selection shows the wisdom of the managers of one of the best conducted societies in the State.

Chas. K. Partridge, druggist, opposite post office, has received from Boston a lot of seasoned barrels and 10 gallon kegs, especially suited for cider and vinegar holders.

BISMARCK.

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"I had no faith in the virtues of the remedy when I began its use, but now I am glad to write you that I cannot help having faith, for it completely cured me, and I work with comfort every day.

"My business is railroad, which I could not now do if it had not been for Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and I gladly recommend it to all."

Why waste time in trying uncertain and untried remedies, when here is a physician's prescription, a discovery made by the greatest living specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, Dr. Greene, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. If you take this medicine you can consider yourself under Dr. Greene's direct professional care, and you can consult or write him about your case, freely and without charge. This is a guarantee that his remedy will cure, possessed by no other medicine in the world.

The Kennebec Central R. R.
This little road, leading from Randolph to Togus, is quite a concern when the dividends are reckoned. The annual meeting was held last week, and they report this corporation to be in a very healthy condition.

The Treasurer's report showed the total gross earnings to be \$14,417.89, operating expenses \$8,767.80, gross income \$5,650.09, less interest and taxes \$2,038.75, net income \$3,611.34, surplus June 30, '95, \$4,333.27. The earnings of July and August exceed by considerable the earnings for the same months, '94. The total number of stockholders are 78.

It was noted that a dividend of 6 per cent be declared payable Oct. 1st, to stockholders of record.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Weston Lewis, President; P. H. Winslow, Treasurer; H. S. Webster, Clerk; Weston Lewis, J. S. Maxey, A. C. Stiphen, J. B. Dingley and A. W. Jewett, Directors; A. C. Stiphen, Auditor and General Counsel.

The South Kennebec Agricultural Society are holding a most successful fair on their grounds at South Windgor. In the baby show, Tuesday, the premiums were awarded as follows:

Babies less than one year, and over 6 months of age, the handsomest baby—Leon Allen, Chelsea, 1st; Eugene Augustus Maxson, Augusta, 2d; John William Scott, Pittsford, 3d.

Babies 6 months old and under—Angie Statia Malcolm, South Windgor, 1st; Amy Field, North Windgor, 2d; Persis Sanford Pease, Augusta, 3d.

At the last annual meeting of the old Kennebec Agricultural Society, it was decided that the superintendents of the different departments of the fair should be taken for the Board of Trustees. This was done, and the success of the recent fair was largely due to that fact. Who can possibly be more interested in the affairs of the society than the Trustees? And their selection shows the wisdom of the managers of one of the best conducted societies in the State.

Chas. K. Partridge, druggist, opposite post office, has received from Boston a lot of seasoned barrels and 10 gallon kegs, especially suited for cider and vinegar holders.

Communications.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

often a synonym of laziness. At any rate, neither of the two are yoke-fellows with success.

Then, again, farmers are buyers to a greater or less extent. It should be a study to buy to advantage. Don't be mean, don't be small, but be business-like and buy to the best advantage. Pay down, cooperate with your neighbors, buy in quantity and get wholesale rates. There is no need of your fattening an army of middlemen. Put some attention into this part of the business and get round them. Probably three-fourths of the farmers of your county could pay down for all their purchases, and also get wholesale rates for all they buy in quantity, if they should make such a business effort; and half the others could arrange it if they would but try. The advantage to be gained from the pay down system is often greater than the profit realized from the purchase.

Then, business calculation is called for in disposing of products. A business man on Penobscot tide waters wrote the *Maine Farmer* last June that large quantities of hay were being sold, delivered pressed at the wharves, at \$6 to \$8 the ton. There is no business calculation about such a transaction. There is no need of selling hay at such prices as that. In some ways those men can engineer to make it bring them more. Feed it out and get double the price named and a profit on the labor to boot. Farmers are too much inclined to run along in grooves on momentum previously acquired. Less mental activity, less energy is called for in such a course. But ease is not what we are after. It is activity that develops a man. There is room for lots of it among farmers. Where would the business world be to-day if its actors, after acquiring a competency should withdraw from further effort and only eat and live?

Business men take advantage of their opportunities. Why not farmers? Some of you have learned there is money in the planting out of orchards; others in dairying, and still others in some other direction. These opportunities are still open. Why not develop them? A Canadian specialist in cheese making puts up a fancy brand of that article, and has established a sale with first class grocers in all our large cities at an unvarying price of twenty-two cents a pound. Think of the profits in it! One of your dairy women, you recall, sold a sample cheese at the Farmington dairy meeting, that taken to Boston sold at twenty-five cents a pound; and the purchaser told me later that he could sell any amount of such cheese at that price. No banking business can begin to show such profits. Yet that opportunity is not being developed. Why, gentlemen, if a banking business offered you half the inducements, (especially if it were out to Kansas City,) you would be tumbling over each other in your haste to turn your money into it. I would suggest to the lady who made that cheese, that since women are recently manifesting such a desire to act like men, that here is a brilliant opening for her to go into business, and reap an advantage from her skill.

The fact is plain that we have been for a long time cultivating the idea that farming in the East, and especially in this State, affords no opportunities for the investment of money, even on a small scale, and that this is especially true on a large scale. You here in Kennebec county have been consigning your money to risky adventures for nothing of security you knew nothing of, and have overlooked the safe and sound opportunities on your own farms and in your own neighborhoods. What sense in your sending to Massachusetts for men and money to come here and build, buy and run your butter factories, and fatten on the profits that may just as well be your own!

The idea that an individual farming business must from its nature be small is all wrong. An active, enterprising farmer can run a half dozen near-by farms as well as one; and it is not necessary to "go West" to do it. Some farmers, I am glad to note, are beginning to see this, and are investing their money in enlarging their business and buying more land, instead of investing it in Western city blocks that never rise, or burying it in banking schemes where it never can again be found. There are examples of this on a limited scale within the limits of our own society. For examples on a larger scale, note Elmwood Farm, Poland, and Maplewood Farm, Auburn, for horses. Also Millwood Farm, Framingham, Mass., for hot-house lambs, and Mr. Bennett's recent venture of a sheep ranch in Waldo county for general sheep husbandry. We read of extensive farm operations in the West, yet with the idea all the time in the mind that nothing of the kind is practicable here.

I have stood at the gate on a farm located on the Green Mountain foot hills, and have seen a hundred and fifty cows in a single herd wend their way down the grassy slopes to take their places in the stables. On the farm was growing a hundred acres of corn to feed them on. On a farm in the Champlain Valley two hundred and fifty were driven up in the same way. These examples are cited to show what is practicable when farmers are disposed to invest their money in their own business. Here in your own county are opportunities just as favorable.

But will it pay? Yes, if one goes at it in earnest and handles it in a business like way. There are no investments that will pay better. I have tried this in a small way myself, and speak from experience, and therefore with confidence. Some years ago I put some of my earnings into an extension of my farming business. However much general business has since been depressed, this land has gone steadily on producing, and there has been no year but it has paid its way. The present year it has produced more than ever before, and to-day is worth more to the owner than at any time in the past. This is what land will

do for a man. It never goes on a strike, it never swindles its owner, it never floods cannot destroy it. Unlike any other property, the more you draw from it the more valuable it grows. Away, then, with the idea there is no business, no possibilities, no inducements in agriculture. Here, as in all other callings, farming is just what we make it. We have only to reach out and gather in its possibilities to make them ours. And when we are led to look upon its work in the light of its true standing, and in a full appreciation of its opportunities, we shall find a fullness of life unapproached in any other calling. To this end may this Old Kennebec Society long continue its efforts.

For the Maine Farmer.
NEW METHOD OF JUDGING FRUIT.

BY P.
Mr. Editor: I wish to make a few remarks on an unprejudiced point of view on the working of the new method of judging fruit, adopted by the State Pomological Society. To begin with, when I first read those ratings as printed in the *Farmer*, I said they should be divided by five to give a fair average, and I think so now. Take for instance a plate of poor specimens of Northern Spy (and usually one-half that grow are poor specimens), that by the scale of points will score only 40; add the ratings, and they mount up to 87. Then take some fair specimens of Spitzenberg that will score 60; add the ratings, and we have 80—both plates entering the first class, but the Spy ahead. Now give them the average, which for Spitzenberg would be 4, making 64, going in second class. The poor specimens of Northern Spy, adding 9, would be left behind, where they should be.

Then you say in the *Farmer*, "To illustrate: One exhibitor shows in his collection, Baldwins, Greenings, Bellflowers, Gravensteins and Alexanders. His competitor shows Baldwins, Greenings, Milder, Hubbardston and Twenty Ounce. Supposing all these different kinds are perfect and sizable, the question is, which is the better, and therefore entitled to the first place?" Of course, according to the rating, calling the exhibitors A and B, B comes out 10 ahead; and if you divide the score by the number of plates (as I understand was done at the fair), B is still 2 points ahead. But let him add two plates of perfect specimens, say of Fall Harvey and Wealthy, and divide by 7, and where is he? Just a point behind. Is this justice? Please explain in the *Farmer*.

West Farmington.
Reported for the Maine Farmer.
FIELD DAY OF CANTON GRANGE.

BY C. E. LUDDEN.
Mr. Editor: Saturday, the 21st of September, was appointed by Canton Grange as field day with Brother and Sister Parker Wyman of Canton. The day opened one of the pleasantest and one of the hottest of the season. But heat nor cold does not stop the good grangers, so in early morn we hitched up the span of grays, and with a two-horse load of humanity, started for Bro. Wyman's. We pass the home farm of Richard McCollister, one of the self-made men of Canton. He began on this place a poor man, and by hard work and saving his pennies he is a wealthy farmer now, as his large buildings and broad, fertile acres, neatly kept, his large stock of cattle and sheep, all speak of plenty and prosperity. Mr. McCollister is a believer in yellow corn; he has never planted sweet corn for the factory, but has several acres of yellow corn which he feeds to his stock.

But we passed on, and in due time arrived, and find Brother and Sister Wyman ready to receive us with a true granger's welcome to their happy, pleasant home. Bro. Wyman has a neat set of farm buildings and a neatly kept farm, and we know of no reason why they should not enjoy themselves. The teams kept coming until noon, when a goodly number of our grangers were present, with some friends from outside the gates. These field days are a good thing for the grangers. They have heard several say, "You grangers have such a good time; guess I shall have to join." And why should we not have a good time, who we feed the world? And when we meet with a brother and sister of our acquaintance like Brother and Sister Wyman, we know that we are welcome. And here we meet friends, both old and young, find out what our friends in other towns are doing, what crops they raise, how they raise them, what the prices of different crops are, what stock is worth, who has cows to sell, and who wants to buy. To the wide-awake, hustling Granges these are valuable meetings.

But while we have been talking the forenoon has passed away, and we are invited to dinner. Brother and Sister Wyman have furnished us with a liberal supply of coffee, milk and sugar, and by looking around under the apple trees you will say that they are all enjoying themselves, as all grangers should. After dinner we spent the time in social chat. Some were talking about the silo, how they built and filled it, and the benefits they received from it; some were talking of the dairy, the best breed, how to feed and what to feed; some were telling how they had traded horses (even grangers trade horses sometimes). And the sisters—well, as usual, they did not say much of anything! If we could only contrive some plan to get them talking, we poor men would not have to talk so much!

The setting sun tells us that the pigs need feeding and the cows milked, so we bid Bro. Wyman and family good-night, and away we go.
Canton Point.

Patten Items.

It is estimated that six million bushels of potatoes will be raised in Penobscot county alone this season. Aroostook is yet to be heard from, as that usually leads the van in numbers of the nice, meaty tubers.—The Patten starch factory is running to its full capacity. The drivers Mr. Stone and Mr. Hall are daily taking from the racks three tons and a half up to four tons.—The excursionists to Thomaston report a fine time, the weather being so nice.—Now the Temperance Union people are to have an excursion to Houlton, to meet that body of workers there; all are anticipating an enjoyable time.—Taking a stroll through the fields we find that the strawberries are in abundant bloom on this the 23d of September. Slight frosts in some blackened tender foliage in many places. Rain, as indications now are, seems but a myth, as none fails to raise the drying up wells and brooks. We question each other, what shall we do?

Sidney Riley of Biddeford, serving a sentence in the State Prison for breaking and entering, has been pardoned by the Governor and Council.



RE-OPENS SEPT. 3rd, 1895.

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THE FACULTY embraces a list of more than twenty teachers and assistants, elected with special reference to proficiency in each department.

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SPECIAL COURSE. Shorthand, Type Writing, Composition and Correspondence may be taken as a special course.

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BOTANIC
COUGH BALSAM
CURES
COUGHS,
COLDS, ASTHMA,
HAY FEVER
AND ALL DISEASES LEADING TO
CONSUMPTION
Regular Sizes 35¢ & 75¢

Haven't a
Fall Overcoat?

Don't let that comfortable
and wise neighbor sympathize
with you.

There is comfort, economy
and health in those we are selling
from \$5.00 to \$15.00.

Better call and make your
selection now. Just what you
need these cool evenings.

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The One Price Clothier,
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Nearly all fertilizers are ineffective because they contain too little nitrogen. Add a little nitrate of soda to these and the result will be astonishing.
A Valuable Pamphlet telling how to save \$10 to \$15 per ton on fertilizers, and how to fertilize most economically and effectively, sent FREE. Address: S. M. HARRIS, Manager, Farm Machine Co., New York.

WANTED!
Good Machinists, at the works of the Vermont Farm Machine Co., Bellows Falls, Vt. Steady employment for good workmen.

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FARM FOR SALE.
Farm of 150 acres, situated in Sidney, for sale or exchange for house in some city or village. Apply to L. B. Ward, Editor, Sidney, Kennebec Co., Me. Sept. 26, 1895.

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.
DAILY INFLUENCE.

BY G. E. L.

In the skies are mirrored cities,
All the streets and houses below;
More of beauty in the clouds,
Flits and dances to and fro.

In our lives are mirrored traces
Of the dear and happy past;
We have garnered at the harvest
Sheaves of love, and bound them fast.

Faces of some happy meeting
Flit before, and then are gone;
But the friendships, tho' so brief,
Have been cherished, every one.

Every life in daily action
Forms a guide for younger lives;
Every face that flits before us
Some sweet memory still survives.

Pittsfield.

WHEN BABY SINGS.

When baby sings I seem to hear
The music of the angels near;
The melodies she must have heard
Before she came, our little bird.

Her words are singing "bye-bye,"
But full of sweetness from her lips;
(And trust and purity each note
Attune with beauty in her throat.)

The brooklet's voice, the song of birds
Are sweetest sounds, though lacking words.

And baby's song, though but an air,
Is music, true, divine and rare.

When the baby sings, so soft and low,
I'm in the land where flowers grow;
Where violets shy peep through the grass,
And daisies kiss them as they pass.

The robin and the bobolink,
The meadow sweet and river's brink,
The rustling leaves and cooling sprays,
All come in view when baby sings.

Her ditty in her arms she holds,
And closely to her heart she folds;
Her trusting face is like a rose,
When baby sings it to repose.

Oh, baby dear, I'm truly blest,
To see thy joy and heaven career;
My heart is joy and love above,
When baby sings, like saints above.

—C. J. Wells.

Our Story Teller.

A TRIP FOR FOUR.

BY MARGARET JOHANN.

The whistles in the factories across the river blurred the noon hour, and as suddenly Dennis O'Brien dropped his spade and made for the house. One might have thought he hired by the day, but the fact was that more than a year ago he had paid his last dollar of indebtedness on this little ten-acre "truck farm," and now every stroke of work that he put upon it increased his own store. But he was hungry.

"Blaze away," he said; "this is the gratefullest noise there's been since breakfast."

While washing his hands in the shed that supplemented the kitchen, he stepped slyly aside so as to command a view of the interior. He saw his small housekeeper lay down the poker and nervously shake a red fist at the fire, and he knew that dinner was not ready to come upon the table.

Upon the wash-bench lay his pipe, and he saw with a twinkle in his eye that it had been used for a matchbox—a matchbox was handy, and that a chair stood invitingly near the doorway.

Yielding to these beguilements with a show of unobtrusiveness, he seated himself astride the chair in such a manner as to support his arms upon its back, lighted his pipe, and puffed away, surveying meanwhile his rectangles of garden truck.

"Hey, Bobby," he called, "Bates was asking me how big was my family, and I told him there's four of us; two girls—them's Julie and Ellen—and two boys—them's Bobby and me."

"There was no answer, only a patter of quick steps on the kitchen floor."

"Was that right, Bobby?"

"Yes, to be sure, Daddy. How long since you had the family record by heart?"

"Since me Bobby boy was born, fourteen years come Candlemas."

No answer again; only a clatter of dishes, and Dennis resumed his pipe, but only for a minute. Then:

"Don't be puttin' the dinner on in haste, Bobby," he called. "I'd like to be resizin' this house a bit before eatin'—the pipe's comfortin'."

This brought Bobby into sight, not arrayed in trousers and jacket as one who had listened to the colloquy would have expected to see her, but in a pretty gingham frock shielded by a huge hickory apron. Her brown hair was gathered behind her ears and tied with ribbons, and just now her blue eyes were as blue with satisfaction as the success of her little ruse.

"Here's yesterday's paper, Daddy, for you to look at while you're resizin'," she said, handing him the sheet. "Jimmy Darrow's just after bringing it."

"An' a very accommodatin' lady is Mrs. Darrow to be sendin' us the paper every day. I sent her a head of cabbage yesterday, and I'll be soon sendin' her another or two, I think. Them cabbage is an illigant crop."

Bobby went back to her dinner-getting, and before many minutes the thump of the potato-masher evidenced that her task was nearly completed.

Bobby had been christened Barbara, a pretty name which had been very generally corrupted into Bobby, and from Bobby to Bobby was a step inevitable. Julie and Ellen were older than Barbara by a number of years, and were employed as cooks in the city of New York, less than an hour's travel from the O'Brien homestead.

When he was called, O'Brien laid down his paper very promptly and went in. He ate in silent satisfaction until he came to his second helping, then—

"It's amazin', Bobby," he said, "how reasonable is the excursion rates to the fair."

No answer; Bobby was earnestly engaged with her pudding.

"Ye're all takin' after your mother, Bobby; she was an excellent cook, was your mother." He sighed, but, noting how the brightness began to fade out of the pretty face opposite him, he hastened to change the subject.

"We're after havin' a very prosperous year, Bobby. The potatoes are the celery—them's the main dependence—is turnin' out beautiful, an' for the sea on round we haven't had, as you may say, a failure."

"That's good, Daddy," answered Bobby, sympathetically, and added, slyly: "On the strength of it you might make me a present of a dollar."

"A dollar, is it? Indeed, then ye're quite modest in your demands, Bobby. I do think I'll be able to meet them. The dinner's worth the dollar, anyway."

He finished his meal, shoved back his chair, and took a dainty roll of greenbacks from his pocket.

"Bates is just after payin' me; so's McKelway," he said, laying the bills upon the table and laying aside three or four of them.

"Them's for the taxes, Bobby; ye can just take it upstairs an' hide it."

She skipped away with the money, and when she came back her dollar lay by her plate.

She nodded and twinkled thanks and an approval of him on general principles; then, observing that he had settled into a meditative posture, she fetched him his pipe.

"Sure, ye're a chip of the old block, Bobby," he said, scratching a match; "ye can always know what makes for a man's comfort."

He puffed away and scrutinized the ceiling while she stacked the dishes. At length—

"Did ye mind, Bobby, that Ellen was lookin' so poorly when she was last home?" he asked.

"No, Daddy, I didn't mind it."

"Well, then, it's myself that did."

"He puffed and ruminated a little longer."

"They're good girls, both," he mused aloud. "Only for their help I'd not this minyut be ownin' the farm free of any incumbrance. I don't like to see them slavin'. They're young yet"—puff, puff, puff!

"I'm minded to send them on a vacation"—puff, puff, puff!

"That would be de-licious!" shouted Bobby, reaching the dish towel.

"To the world's fair, hey, Bobby? Here's the needful," tapping his pocket. "We'll send the two girls to the centennial, an' the two boys 'll go to the next, hey, Bobby?"

"Splendid, Daddy! Sure, ye're a block of the young chip, Daddy! I couldn't have planned it better myself. When 'll you be sendin' the money?"

"Today's as good as another time. Fetch me the paper, just till I glance at them rates again."

He studied the paper for a few minutes, then, getting slowly upon his feet, he threw it into his chair, plunging into his pocket for his roll of bills, and with great caution and deliberation counted out car fare and something more, an absorbed spectator.

"Write them a letter imminently," he said, smoothing out the bills upon the table; "put the money inside an' carry it to the post office and have it registered."

"No, Daddy, I'll tell you what," said Bobby, rising to the dignity of her responsibility as chief counselor, "I won't send it to-day, for it's Friday, and it's un lucky. But I'll get the letter ready to-day and I'll run down to the post office with it in the morning in time for the first mail."

On the day before our introduction to the home of the O'Briens (Thursday), and the cook's afternoon out, by standing appointment, Julie and Ellen met in the park. They seated themselves on a bench, as usual, and proceeded to discuss subjects culinary and otherwise.

"My folks," said Julie—meaning her employers—"will be starting for Chicago a Saturday, and I shall have easy times for a fortnight or more. I can go home, the mistress said, or I can stay here, just as I choose. So of course I choose to go home. It's a good chance for me, for it's Bobby's clothes, and to help her put by some stores for the winter."

"I wish I could go with you," sighed Ellen. "I'm that fagged that I've no interest in anything, except maybe listening to the wonderful tales of the world's fair they're always telling at my house. They're—"

"Write looking white, Ellen, there's no denying it. I think you're needing a rest. You'd better go home for two weeks, and I'll take your place with Mrs. Morrison. She'd agree to that, wouldn't she?"

"I suppose so," said Ellen, looking wistful; "she's generally pretty reasonable. But you're always planning to give away the good things that she makes up, Julie. I'll not take your vacation from you. Mrs. Morrison won't be hard on me if I get sick. She'd leave me off for a week or two, I think."

"They're always talking of the queer things there is there," she went on, rather dispiritedly, but taking up her account where her sister had interrupted.

"Some likes one thing and some another, but they do say there's no one that stupid he couldn't learn some thing there. Mrs. Morrison did say if I cared to go for a fortnight she'd pay me my wages just the same while I was gone. She didn't say she'd pay my fare, though, besides. I'd look up an idjit, wouldn't I, stalking away off there all alone by myself. I wish she would go, though. He'd have something to talk of and to think of all the rest of his life. They told me how much it would take to go there, and I've as much now and more hoarded away in my trunk for a winter coat and frock. I can well do without them things, Julie, and what if I should buy father a ticket with part of the money, and give him the rest for other expenses?"

"If you do that," said Julie, "I'll buy another ticket and send Bobby with him. It's hard for the likes of Bobby to be tethered forever to a fryin'-pan and a dish-towel. She's but young yet. The change'll do her good."

"And I'll go this minyut and tell Mrs. Morrison you're poorly, and couldn't see it put into the mail-bag and started on its journey, discovered, after much tiptoeing and writhing before the stage of mail-boxes, a letter in the O pigeonhole which she laid claim to, received, and carried home."

"Here's a good fat letter for breakfast, Daddy," she cried, tossing it upon the table just in time to snatch the boiling coffee-pot from the stove and save the cook's credit. "It's from the girls."

While the father, with labor and ceremony, opened the letter, she set the breakfast upon the table and drew out the tickets. He held them gingerly by the corners, and as their jointed lengths wriggled downwards, inquired—

"And what may these be?"

"For all the world like a pair of cat-tails!" exclaimed Bobby, springing up and fetching her father's spectacles.

So Bobby, having registered her letter that Saturday mornin', and having seen it put into the mail-bag and started on its journey, discovered, after much tiptoeing and writhing before the stage of mail-boxes, a letter in the O pigeonhole which she laid claim to, received, and carried home.

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THE SENTRY'S SHOT.

BY AMBROSE PIERCE.

One sunny afternoon in the autumn of the year 1861 a soldier lay in a clump of laurel by the side of a road in western Virginia. He lay at full length on his stomach, his feet resting upon the toes, his head upon the left forearm. His extended right hand loosely grasped his rifle. But for the somewhat methodical disposition of his limbs and a slight rhythmic movement of the cartridge-box at the back of his belt, he might have been thought to be dead.

He was asleep at his post of duty. But, if detected, he would be dead shortly afterward, that being the penalty of his crime.

The clump of laurel in which the criminal lay was in the angle of a road which, after ascending southward a steep acclivity to that point, turned sharply to the west, running along the summit for perhaps one hundred yards. There it zigzagged downward again and went zigzagging downward through the forest. At the salient of that second angle was a large flat rock, jutting from the ridge to the northward, overlooking the deep valley from which the road ascended. The rock capped a high cliff; a stone dropped from its outer edge would have fallen sheer downward one thousand feet to the top of the pine trees. Their hope the soldier lay on another spur of the same cliff. Had he been awake he would have commanded a view, not only of the short arm of the road and the jutting rock, but of the entire profile of the cliff below it.

No country is so wild and difficult but men will make it a theater of war; concealed in the forest at the bottom of that military rat-trap, in which half a hundred men in possession of the exits might have starved an army to submission, lay five regiments of federal infantry. They had marched all the previous day and night and were resting. At nightfall they would take to the road again, climb to the place where their faithful sentinel now slept, and, descending the outer slope of the ridge, fall upon a camp of the enemy at midnight. Their hope was to surprise it, for the road led to the rear of it. In case of failure, their position would be perilous in the extreme.

The sleeping sentinel in the clump of laurel was a young Virginian named Carter Druse. He was the son of a wealthy parents, an only child, and had known easy and cultured life and high living as wealth and taste were about him in the mountain country of western Virginia. His home was but a few miles from where he now lay. One morning he had risen from the breakfast table and said, quietly: "Father, a union regiment has arrived at Grafton. I am going to join it."

The father lifted his leonine head, looked at the son's moment in silence and replied: "Go, Carter, and whatever may occur, do what you conceive to be your duty. Virginia, to which you are a traitor, must get on without you. Should we both live to the end of the war, we will speak further of the matter. Your mother, as the physician has informed you, is in a most critical condition, and she can't be with us much longer than a few weeks, but that time is precious. It would be better not to disturb her."

So Carter Druse, bowing reverently to his father, who returned the salute with a stately courtesy which masked a breaking heart, left the home of his childhood to go soldiering. By conscience and courage, by deeds of devotion and daring, he soon commanded respect from his fellows and officers; and it was to these qualities and to some knowledge of the country that he owed his selection for his present perilous duty at the extreme outpost. Nevertheless, fatigue had been stronger than resolution, and he had fallen asleep. What good or bad angel came in a dream to rouse him from his state of crime, who shall say? Without a movement, without a sound, in the profound silence and the languor of the late afternoon, some invisible messenger of fate touched with unerring finger the eyes of his consciousness—whispered into the ear of his spirit the mysterious awakening word which no human lips have ever spoken, no human memory has ever recalled. He awoke, and the first thing that met his eyes was the figure of the horse, straight and soldierly, but with the repose of the Grecian god carved in the marble which limits the suggestion of activity. The gray costume harmonized with its aerial blackness, and his eyes, as he looked down at the horse, straight and soldierly, but with the repose of the Grecian god carved in the marble which limits the suggestion of activity. The gray costume harmonized with its aerial blackness, and his eyes, as he looked down at the horse, straight and soldierly, but with the repose of the Grecian god carved in the marble which limits the suggestion of activity.

After firing his shot, Private Carter Druse reloaded his rifle and resumed his watch. Ten minutes had hardly passed when a federal sergeant crept cautiously to him.

"Do you fire?" the sergeant whispered.

"Yes."

"At what?"

"A horse. It was standing on yonder rock—pretty far out. It is no longer there. It went over the cliff."

"See here, Druse," the sergeant said, after a silence, "it's no use making a mystery. I order you to report. Was there anybody on the horse?"

"Who?"

"My father."

The sergeant rose to his feet and walked away. "Good God!" he said. "Tales of Soldiers and Civilians."

—Commuter—"What do you mean by saying that that house is only five minutes from the station? It's fifteen minutes if it's a second. Real Estate Dealer—"When I said five minutes I supposed you had a bicycle."—Boston Transcript.

FROM JEST TO EARNEST.

"I don't understand you at all," said Pierce Trevor to his friend Ralph Dewey.

"You talk as if I were a conundrum."

"So you are! Now, look here, Dewey, let's have a clear comprehension of the matter. Do you love Fanny White?"

"Well—yes—I rather think, on the whole, that I am a little taken with the sparkling brunette."

"A little taken!" How very enthusiastic you are! And she, poor child, is more than 'a little taken' with you."

"I flatter myself that you are right!"

"Well, then, why don't you ask her to marry you?"

"There it is," groaned Dewey; "you are all in such a hurry. Can't a man admire a girl without being brought to book for it the very next day? I won't be hurried. When I get ready I'll ask Fanny to marry me. Are you satisfied?"

"Very far from it."

"As Miss White is only your wife's cousin, I really don't recognize your right to catechise me!"

"Does that mean that I am to mind my own business?"

Ralph laughed. "Construe it as you please—only pray don't bother me any more."

He threw himself lazily on the grass, flinging his cigar into the very heart of a cluster of wild flowers and making an impromptu pillow of his arms, crossed underneath his head.

"Sleep, then," said Trevor, a little contemptuously. "I can't afford to lose the brightest hours of a golden day like this."

Our hero had not lain there many minutes, however, before the soft chiming of girl voices sounded through the tiny bugles of summer insects and the monotonous murmur of green boughs overhead.

"Girls!" muttered Dewey; "can't a fellow be clear of 'em anywhere? But they're on the other side of the copse, that's one blessing, and if I keep quiet they'll never beat up my amiable!"

"A man isn't responsible for his fate, and I have fallen in love with her," exclaimed the young officer. "Fanny, am I to love you in vain?"

Fanny tried to laugh hysterically. "Of course! all this is only a part of the programme," she faltered.

"By Jove, but it's not!" cried Aymer.

"What was just has become earnest. I love you, Fanny; I cannot leave you here to become the bride of that self-conceited puppy. Tell me that I may hope!"

Hildegard seized both her friend's hands.

"She loves you, Kent—she loves you. I can see it in her eyes!" she cried exultantly.

"Stand aside, Hildegard," said Aymer. "I have the first right here. She is mine now. And he took her tenderly to his breast."

Yes—it was true that the little morsel of acting had become strong, life-long reality. Kent and Fanny had played at "lovers" until love, the shy rogue, crept into both their hearts with almost unperceived footsteps.

"Are you happy, Fanny?" demanded the exigent army officer when all was settled and Hildegard had gone to tell Mary Bell as a "great secret" how the little strategem had ended.

"Oh, Kent," whispered Fanny, "I never knew what true happiness was before."

And Capt. Aymer must have been unreasonable indeed not to be satisfied with the answer.

He departed, carrying in his keeping the loving little heart of Fanny White. Ralph Dewey contemplated the departure of Hildegard's brother with some stimulus. Now, do consent! Kate will be here this evening."

"She don't forbid it, Hildegard," eagerly cried Miss Bell, "and all the world knows that silence gives consent. Come, see how long the shadows are getting!"

And the three graces fluttered down the hillside.

Dewey rose to his feet and walked away alone.

"My dear little girls," said he, by way of soliloquy, "it's a very cleverly concocted little plan, but it won't work, and I've no doubt I shall enjoy it as much as Miss Bell proposes to do."

And he laughed aloud to think how completely he should outgeneral his feminine adversaries.

"I'll keep Faith in suspense for another month, just to pay her for that!" he added, within himself. "I like the girl well enough, but for all that I won't be hurried into matrimony."

He thought, however, that he knew, therefore, while Pierce Trevor, Miss Bell, Hildegard and all the rest returned a unanimous verdict of "Just exactly what he deserved."—N. Y. News.

How the Weather Affects the Health.

You know that the weather affects your health, but have you ever satisfied yourself as to how it does it? By observing the barometer for a few months and comparing your feelings with its readings you will discover that they fluctuate in harmony. Then just a little plain thinking will make it clear. When the barometer is low the atmosphere is light and the air pressure on the body is considerably lessened. When this pressure is removed the blood is forced to the surface and listens the vessels. Weak or diseased parts are congested, sensitive nerves are unable to stand the pressure, and a sense of fullness, a sort of stuffy feeling pervades the whole body. The blood does not flow freely on account of the loss of nerve tone, the brain becomes sluggish and mental acuteness is impaired. The barometer is not responsible for all this, but it explains how it all happens. Healthy, vigorous persons are not affected by the changing pressure and moisture of the atmosphere like those who are diseased or have weak spots. They have sufficient vital energy to resist the tendency to congestion of the small blood vessels and of the mucous membranes to throw off more moisture than the atmosphere will absorb. It is for this reason that children and young people in good health do not suffer to any extent from atmospheric changes.—Pittsburgh Commercial-Gazette.

Killed and Wounded in Battle.

Twenty-five years ago the great battles of the Franco-German war were fought. That war of only 180 days cost Germany, in dead and maimed, 6,055 officers and 110,701 men. It appears almost incredible now that within a few months 21,508 French officers and 704,046 French soldiers were made prisoners or compelled to disarm.

YOUNG LADIES' TROUBLE.

FACTS MADE KNOWN TO FRIENDS.

Lady Stenographers, Typewriters, and all Working Girls Interested.

(SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.)

This class of women are more or less afflicted with illness brought on by confining applications in one position. Therefore all will be interested in the candid expression of this bright young lady of Denver, Col., who writes Mrs. Pinkham as follows:—

"This is the first opportunity I have found to write and thank you for the good your compound has done for me."

"It's very wrong of me, signed Fanny to Hildegard, her faithful confidante."

"No, it isn't; it's exactly right," responded Hildegard.

"I begin to be afraid he don't care for me."

"He's a brute," asserted her friend; "and it will serve him right if you never look at him again."

So the glowing midsummer swept by and Mr. Dewey held aloof, hugging himself to think how he was outwitting the conspirators, though an occasional twinge of jealousy now and then passed through his mind.

Presently there was a sore outcry among the allied forces. An order had come from the inexorable war department and the captain must go somewhere on the frontier straightaway.

"The matter was beginning to get a little serious," he thought, "and just as soon as that confounded puppy gets away I'll make little Fanny a happy woman. Maybe, though, it would be well to punish her for a few days longer."

"Oh, Fanny, Fanny, aren't you sorry?" sobbed Hildegard, clinging around her tall brother, whose face was unwontedly grave.

"Yes, Hildegard," said Fanny, "I am very sorry."

Capt. Aymer looked penetratingly into her face. The real tears quivering and sparkling on her eyelashes and the roses had all paled from her cheeks.

"Fanny!" he said, impetuously, "is it from your heart?"

Fanny—silly little creature that she was—began to cry, and Hildegard rushed forward.

"Oh, Kent! You promised that—"

"A man isn't responsible for his fate, and I have fallen in love with her," exclaimed the young officer. "Fanny, am I to love you in vain?"

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